



OF THE

CLASS OF FIFTY-FOUR,

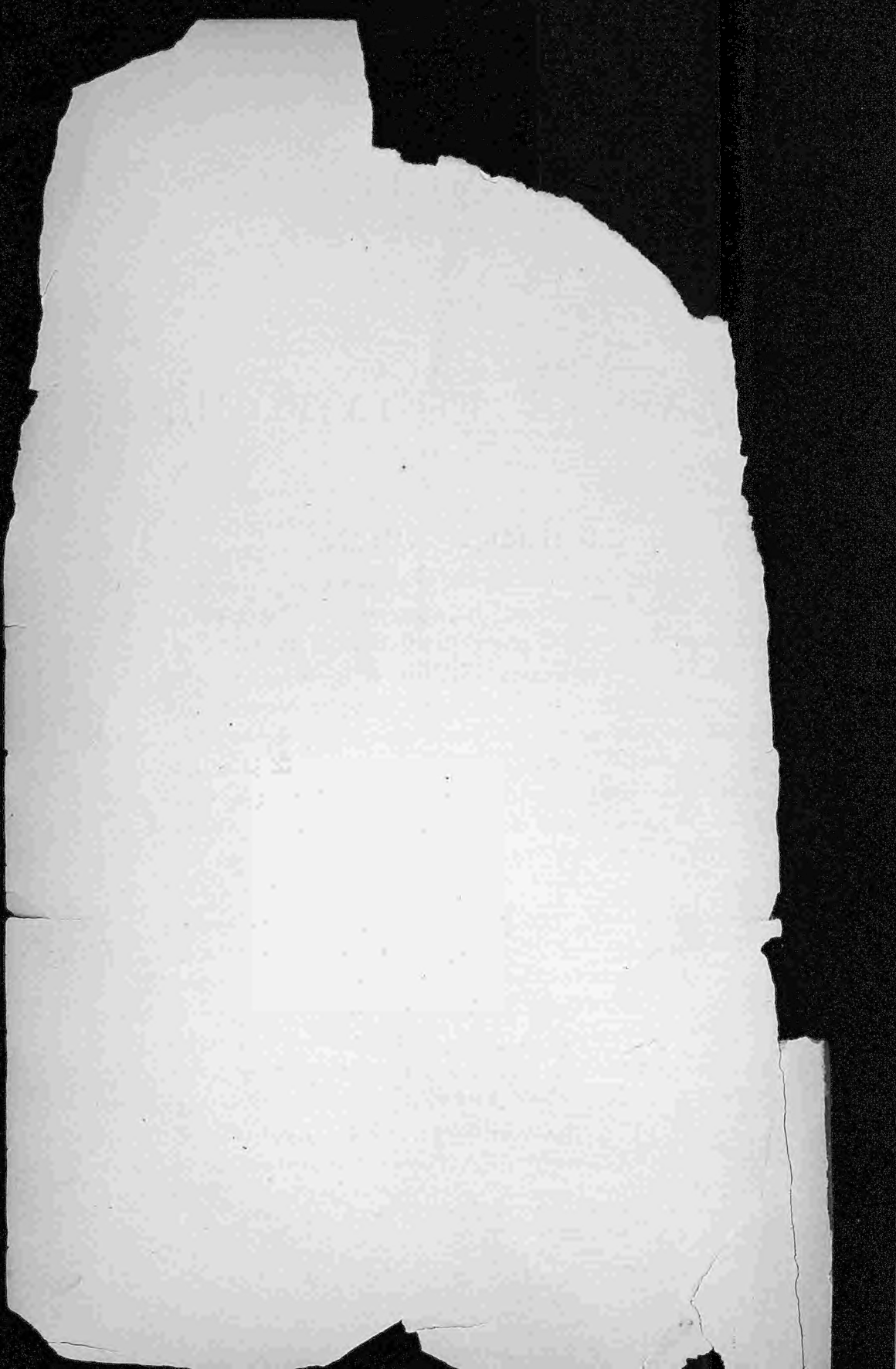
Williams College,

1854-1879.

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PREFACE.



At the Class Meeting, at Williams College, July, 1879, it was voted that the Secretary and Rev. H. M. Grout, D. D., be a Committee to prepare a report of the Class during the Quarter Century that has elapsed since graduation. In accordance with that Vote, Circulars were sent to every living member of the Class whose address could be obtained. Seventeen only responded. A second attempt at securing answers, supplemented by personal letters to many of the Class, produced but little better results. Another Circular was then sent out, and more letters written to wives, and friends of classmates, or to friends of our own, who lived in their neighborhood, or were familiar with their history. The fruit of these labors the Class will find harvested on the following pages. If any one complains that his record is incomplete, we have only to say, "you had a year to write it in, and we gave you fair warning." If any one thinks we have told too much, we make the same reply. The latter complaint we do not anticipate.

Our Class Letter is a family matter, issued to furnish private information concerning our personal affairs to those whose interest in us we know is warmer and deeper than that of any except our nearest relatives. Such will find nothing to object to, we hope, even if College scrapes are revealed;

they were harmless in themselves, and the result of exuberant spirits, not malicious mischief, and did no injury to any one. "A college joke to cure the dumps," has ever been a potent as well as popular prescription, and our only regret is that we could not have rescued more from those tablets of memory, with which time's effacing fingers have long since been busy. As for the criticism of others—if they read and laugh, very well: if they read and frown, let them remember that it is *our* affair, and *they* were boys once, perhaps, themselves.

Many of the Class have already passed on,—all, let us fondly hope, to a better world. The memory of these departed ones is dear to us who remain, and the record of such we have given as fully as our knowledge permitted. May we who survive so live, that when our summons comes, we may, (to use the familiar words of a son of Williams,)

"Sustained and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach the grave
Like one who draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

W. T. R. MARVIN,
Class Secretary.



CLASS OF FIFTY-FOUR.

JAMES BYRON ADAMS.

We have the pleasure of presenting the following letter from Byron Adams, whose name heads our Class Catalogue:—

Geneseo, N. Y.

Your circular reached me in due time, and I plead guilty to gross negligence in not answering it sooner. Your questions to which you desire answers are so personal as almost to shock my modest, retiring nature; but, assuming that your motives are pure, I will endeavor to answer them.

History (family) records that I was born June 17, 1830, at Richmond, Ontario Co., N. Y., the sixth child of Ephraim and Lavinia Adams. I was prepared for College at the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary in Lima, N. Y., and entered Genesee College at the same place, where I completed my Junior year, going thence to Williams for the Senior year only. Since graduation I studied law in Albany, in the office of Peckham & Tremaine, and attended lectures at the Albany Law School. I commenced practice as a lawyer at Geneseo, the county seat of Livingston County, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1857, where I have remained up to this date, trying to get a living, and do good to my fellow men in a professional way.

I was married Sept. 18, 1860, to Miss Helen R. Goddard, of York, in this county, and we have one son, George B. Adams, aged 18 years, a Sophomore in Rochester University. I have met with moderate success in my profession, and should be glad to see any of my classmates at my house and compare wives and boys with them. Henry M. Field, of Canandaigua, is the only one of the Class that I meet occasionally.

RICHARD KNIGHT ADAMS

Has written no letter, and we are obliged to make up our account from such materials as we possess. He was born at Hinsdale, Mass., Oct. 30, 1831, and entered our Class as a Sophomore, and, as we all remember, took a high rank in scholarship, graduating with one of the "honors."

After graduating, he resided for a time at Lee, Mass., which was his home when the first Class Report appeared in January, 1856. He married a Miss Maynard, of Williamstown, in the spring of 1855; in 1857 he was teaching in Hinsdale, Mass.; previous to 1858 he removed to North Adams, and continued in the study of law, and in the spring of that year went to Milwaukie, Wis., and began its practice. He wrote in the Report for 1860, that he was still following his profession in that city, in the firm of Adams & Pitkin. In 1862 he was alone; in 1866 he was in the office of C. A. Bronson, Assessor for Internal Revenue, First District of Wisconsin. This is the latest intelligence we have from him. Circulars sent to Milwaukie have failed to elicit any response. He has had one son, born May 16, 1859. We regret that we have no more definite knowledge of "*Knight*."

GEORGE LAPHAM AMES.

From his son we have received the following valuable sketch of our lamented Classmate, Ames, to which we have made one or two slight additions from his own letters in previous years:—

George L. Ames was born at East Dorset, Vt., July 2, 1832. He was prepared for College at Burr and Burton Seminary, Manchester, Vt.; entered Williams College in 1850, and graduated in 1854. For two years after his graduation he taught in New Jersey and Decaturville, Tenn. Soon after he entered upon his medical studies in the University at Louisville, Ky., receiving his degree of Doctor of Medicine from that institution in 1857. He was in Hector, Schuyler Co., N. Y., from July, 1858, to the spring of 1859, and afterward practiced medicine with Dr. Nivison, at Burdette, N. Y., for about two years.

August 2, 1860, he married Miss Elizabeth L. Bacon, daughter of Hon. Nathaniel Bacon, of Niles, Michigan, the ceremony being performed by Rev. C. R. Bliss; he then established himself in Manchester, Vt., where he practiced medicine with great success for seven years. He held the office of Medical Examiner, under the Commissioner of Pensions, during the war. He had in early life been afflicted with acute rheumatism, which led to some structural disease of the heart, and in 1867 he found a change of climate necessary for his health, and for this reason moved to Niles, Mich., where he continued to devote a part of his time to his profession; he also made quite extensive collections in botany and entomology, arranging them in their appropriate order; these he directed to be sent, after his death, to the University at Ann Arbor, Mich. His acquaintance with the natural sciences was both extensive and exact, and this collection was received by the University with a great deal of pleasure.

Dr. Ames died April 3, 1869. He was baptized in October, 1868, and received the Holy Communion frequently during the few months of his last sickness. His manners were simple and unaffected, with so much geniality and evident sincerity towards all, that they gave him their entire confidence and respect. His death was deeply felt both in Niles and Manchester. His body was taken to Manchester, Vt., and buried by the side of his father and mother. Dr. Ames left but one child, Joseph S. Ames, who is receiving his preparatory education at Shattuck School, Minn., with the expectation of entering Harvard.

JAMES MARSHALL ANDERSON.

We have a short letter from ANDERSON, most of which we print below; he refers us to the "Annals" for further information, and from that source and his letters we give the following facts as to his history.

He was born at Kilmarnock, Scotland, September 10, 1827, his parents being James and Janet Anderson. He came to the United States when two years old; he entered our Class as a Freshman from Thompsonville, Conn., having fitted in part at Schenectady Academy, N. Y. After graduation he spent some months in

Europe; on his return he began teaching, being first at Fishbourn, Rantoules' P. O., St. Paul's, South Carolina. While here his eyes troubled him, and he came North again. In 1858 he reported himself as Professor of Modern Languages and Music, in Tuskegee Female College, in Tuskegee, Alabama. In the spring and summer of 1859 he was again at the North, and returned in the fall to Tuskegee. Here he was teaching till after the outbreak of the war, but in August, 1861, he left "Dixie," with a good deal of danger to himself, getting through the lines at Memphis. He then began the study of law at the Cincinnati Law School, but not finding that congenial to his tastes and wishes, entered Princeton Theological Seminary. After graduating there, he preached for a short time in different places, and in 1864 became the President of Ohio Female College, at College Hill, Ohio, and filled that position very acceptably until 1868, when he was elected Professor of Mathematics at Williams, where he remained but one year, when he decided to make the ministry his life-work. While living at College Hill he was married. At this point we quote from his letter:—

Matawan, New Jersey.

After resigning the Chair of Mathematics at Williams, I preached awhile at Philadelphia, and was then called to the Second Presbyterian Church of Belvidere, N. J., where I remained about four years, and then accepted a call to the Presbyterian Church of Matawan, N. J., of which I have now been pastor about six years, having been installed June 30, 1874. My wife's maiden name was Elizabeth Robbins, (a sister of our classmate Robbins,) whose residence was Penn Yan, N. Y. We have four children, viz: Jessie, 14; Elizabeth Marshall, 13; Agnes, 11; and Robbins Battell, 2.

Can you realize that twenty-five years are gone since our graduation? Our Class roll—the longest in the history of the College—has been very considerably shortened in that time. My right and left hand seat-mates, Ames and Aspinwall, (poor fellow,) are both gone. What shall be the record twenty-five years hence? And when all shall have passed away, how many of us shall meet again on the other shore to go out no more forever? Good bye, and God bless you, with all my dear classmates of '54.

JUDSON ASPINWALL.

JUDSON ASPINWALL was born at Genoa, N. Y., February 24, 1833. He entered our Class in Sophomore year from Elmira, N. Y. He was for a short time engaged in teaching in Lenox Academy, (Berkshire Co.,) Mass., but here his eyes troubled him, and he was obliged to give up this position. It was his intention to engage in Foreign Missionary work after graduating, and he began the study of Theology at Auburn Seminary, N. Y. In 1858 he was reported as married and settled as a pastor in Jordan, N. Y. In the spring of 1859 he had removed to Keokuk, Iowa, where he acted as the "stated supply" of the First Presbyterian Church in that place, and his family then consisted of his wife, and an infant daughter, Harriet A. Aspinwall.

In the autumn of that year he moved to Warsaw, Illinois, expecting to remain there, but in 1861 he had taken employment as a Home Missionary for the Presbyterian Church Extension Society, making his residence at or near Prairie City, Kansas, and maintaining services at neighboring points,—Olathe, the county seat of Jackson Co., at Black Jack, at Palmyra, and at Prairie City. Here he had another daughter born, whom he named "Angie," and from this place he wrote in 1861, "We are happy in our work and hopeful of the future." Again in 1863, he wrote that the previous summer he just escaped the raid "on Olathe by Missourians under Quantrell, by being away on a visit to friends in Illinois." He was still a Home Missionary for the same Society. In 1864 he wrote, "The past year has been an eventful one in my interior life, and an eventful one outwardly in my relations to others. At the Fall Meeting of our Presbytery, I kindly withdrew from our body, formally renouncing the fellowship of the Presbyterian Church. In the processes by which I have reached my present position, I have suffered much, but I am now in a state of comparative composure, really attempting to be, before myself, however others may regard me, honest, and I cannot complain much—not so much as I feared beforehand—of harsh judgment pronounced upon me by others. Gradually the world moves."

This was the last report we had from him. It is believed that at this time his mind was clouded, and that his loss of faith in Christianity, which he mentioned in the letter from which the above quotation is taken, was one of the manifestations of disease.

His exemplary character in College, and his high standing as a clergyman for so many years, lead us to hope that "things were not as they seemed" to him. He continued we believe to reside in Kansas, his address merely being changed to Franklin, Douglas County, on the establishment of a Post Office in that place; he died some time previous to 1870. The latter part of his life he engaged, we are informed, in farming, but concerning that we have no later intelligence. Peace to his memory.

JAMES AUGUSTUS ATKINS.

We have heard nothing directly from "Gus" for many years, and in his case as in others, we are obliged to draw on personal knowledge and former reports for his record.

He was born at New Sharon, Maine, December 4, 1834. His father, Zaccheus Atkins, was the son of a ship-master, long a resident of Cape Cod, who was lost at sea; his mother's maiden name was Berry. Mr. Atkins was a merchant, and engaged in business in the West Indies; he died at Matanzas, Cuba, in 1841, of yellow fever. His mother died while he was very young, and his father married as a second wife, Miss Marcia Grozer, a lady of Roxbury, in whose family our Classmate was brought up. He fitted for College at the Roxbury Latin School, and entered Williams at the beginning of our course. After graduating, he studied law in the office of Hon. P. W. Chandler, Boston; he was admitted to the bar, and began practice in 1857, in Roxbury, Mass., but continued there only a short time. February 18, 1859, he set out for Milwaukee, Wisconsin, with the intention of taking an office there and continuing in his profession, but not meeting with the success he had hoped for, he went to California and the gold mines. We heard of him at the Washoe diggings, about two years; in April, 1861, as he wrote for the Class letter of 1865, he "made a break" for the mines of Washington Territory, now included in Idaho. As this was the last letter he has written the Class, it will be interesting to all of us to reprint it here. He said:—

"Ten years have passed since we left our Alma Mater, and yet they seem to me but as many months. Time has tried me somewhat with hardships and troubles, but my health is excellent, and I am the same 'classic Gus' that I was when we parted years ago. And now, William, as I have not

contributed to the 'Letter' since we graduated, I have a long account to give of myself and wanderings, and may perhaps weary you. If I do, just cut my remarks down to the proper dimensions for printing, and 'let 'em rip.' I mined for gold in California nearly two years, but could not make it pay, and in April, 1861, 'made a break' for the mines of Washington Territory, now included in Idaho. I walked from Dalles, Oregon, 350 miles, to the new mines in the Nez Perces Indian country, leading a horse packed with grub, tools, blankets, &c., and my partner 'following suit.' We had a pleasant journey of it, camping out nights, and meeting with no incident of importance, except the stampede of our horses with their packs on, which resulted in the spilling of our goods and chattels on the prairie, and the knocking of our pots, kettles and pans into 'cocked hats.'

"We arrived at the mines about the 1st of June, and I hired out to work nights, while my partner prospected. I worked six nights at \$5 a night, and then tendered my resignation. I need not add that it was promptly accepted. I had seen some tolerably long nights in the course of my earthly pilgrimage — in fact, I had 'made a night of it' divers times in 'Old WILLIAMS,' but such nights as those I never saw before, and never intend to see again. I don't object to long nights when I am rolled up in virtuous blankets, and sleeping the sleep of innocence; but to stand from sunset to sunrise up to your knees in water, shoveling tailings, and throwing them six feet higher than your head, would cause the patient Job to tender his resignation, even with the alternative of returning to his 'biles.' After quitting my night work I prospected with my partner, and we finally succeeded in finding a claim that paid us \$8 a day to the hand.

"When the rich diggings on Salmon River were struck, we sold out and went there. We found a rich claim in Florence, but it could not be worked until spring, so leaving my partner in the cabin to represent the claim, I started out in the mountains with a party of twelve to prospect. My companion and myself got separated from the main party, and were soon utterly lost. To add to our fears, it commenced snowing and our provisions were nearly exhausted. It continued to storm for seven days in succession, so that we had no glimpse of the sun, and did not even know the points of the compass. We lived eight days on two pounds of flour, two of bacon, a bottle of Perry Davis's Painkiller, and a plug of tobacco. The Painkiller my chum had taken with him as a cure for rheumatism, but we applied a small horn *internally* night and morning, and it revived us 'right smart.' We wandered round, wading through four feet of snow, until we were so utterly worn out with hunger and fatigue, that we threw away our tools, blankets, &c., reserving only a shovel to remove the snow for our sleeping place, and a hatchet to cut firewood. At the end of the seventh day, we laid down before our fire to die. We had given up all hope, and had lost all courage to make any further attempts to reach town. That was the tightest place I was ever in, William. I thought that I was pretty thoroughly 'played out.' It was the first time that I had ever looked the 'king of terrors' squarely in the face, and he is not a very amiable looking old gentleman, I assure you — at least I was not very favorably impressed with his personal appearance. Perhaps you may be curious to know what was the principal subject of my thoughts at this crisis. Well, William, I will tell you. I wondered much whether you would ever hear of my demise, and if so, what sort of an obituary notice you would honor me with, but the deep, absorbing object of my thoughts was *buckwheat cakes*. I thought that if I could only have one good meal of buckwheat cakes, I could die contented. I felt that I could eat at the least half a bushel. Thus thinking, I laid down before the fire and went to sleep.

Buckwheat cakes before I expire,
Were the last words of A. Atkins, Esq.,

before he went to sleep. When I woke the next morning, the sun was shining brightly, and our land marks, so long obscured by the storm, were plainly visible. Hope and courage revived. We made another effort, and

were successful in reaching town, though I was hardly able to wiggle, when I got there. I found on taking off my boots that my feet were badly frozen, and that the cup of my affliction would be filled to the brim by the loss of several toe nails. My partner had not much matter of consolation for me either, for he had roosted in the cabin during my absence, had neglected to represent our claim, and it had been jumped by two Patlanders. There I lost my fortune. That claim paid \$50 a day to the hand to the jumpers in the spring. I was laid up all winter with my frozen feet, and got no other claim there.

"In the spring of 1862 I dissolved partnership with that 'son of Belial,' and emigrated to Elk City, where I now am, and where I expect to stay until I make my pile. Since I have been here, fortune has sometimes smiled on me, and sometimes puckered up her mouth at me like a bear eating choke cherries. Sometimes I have luxuriated with my pockets full of 'dust,' and sometimes I have been 'dead broke.' Good luck or bad luck, however, I manage to keep a stiff upper lip, and slosh around quite lively. My present prospects are promising. I have a good surface claim, and also a claim in a quartz lead that prospects well. We intend to commence crushing the rock in the spring. If the lead is as rich as we expect, I have my fortune: if not, I shall not be much poorer than I was before. As to the occupation of mining, I like it indifferently well: about as well as the man did the owl that he ate. A chap out here got lost in the woods, and killed an owl to keep himself from starving. He finally made his way in, and some of the boys asked him how he liked owl-meat. 'Wal,' said he, 'I liked it puty well, but I don't hanker arter it.' So I feel about mining. I like it pretty well, but really, William, I can't say that I 'hanker arter it.' It is a pretty hard life, but still it is full of excitement. A man may be as poor as Job's turkey one day, and as rich as Croesus the next. If your claim don't pay, and you feel discouraged, take your gun and kill an elk, or a deer, or a bear: or take your hook and line and spear, and catch trout and salmon, or your ten quart pail and pick huckleberries. Then you will come back to your cabin with renewed courage for prospecting, and perhaps 'strike it rich.' There is no such thing as fashion or etiquette in the mines. You can wear a ragged shirt, or eat onions with perfect impunity. If you should meet me in Washington Street, William, in my present costume of flannel shirt and duck pants, (the latter dilapidated to the extent of giving the public a free exhibition of the alabaster skin beneath,) I am afraid you would do what we have good authority for believing that the 'good Samaritan' did not do, viz: pass by on the other side. I live in an open shanty in summer, and in a log cabin in winter. Uncle Sam's wood is plentiful, and costs only the labor of chopping it. I keep good fires, you bet. Elk City is about 150 miles from the nearest Post Office, but we have an express that is very regular in its irregularity. It carries letters and papers for the modest sum of one dollar each, payable in gold dust. Sometimes the machine is run once in two weeks, and sometimes once in two months. As there are five or six feet of snow on the mountains between here and the P. O. town, I am afraid this letter will not reach you before March. We have had a very cold winter thus far, the mercury and whiskey all freezing up; still we apprehend no serious consequences therefrom, as we can find means to thaw both the aforementioned articles.

"I am heartily glad to hear of the prosperity of all my Classmates — that their wives are so fruitful and their children so dutiful — that the parsons are so successful in keeping their flocks out of mischief, and the lawyers so successful in saving them from the consequences of their mischief, when, in spite of pastoral exhortation, they get into it. It has always seemed to me that ministers had a pretty easy time of it, and as the most of our Class have embraced that profession, I conclude they are very comfortably situated. They preach two sermons a week, bury the dead, marry those who desire, have loving wives and laughing children, and the respect of an admiring congregation. I wouldn't advise any of them to emigrate out here. There isn't a church in the territory, and you can well believe that, when I tell you that it went Copperhead at the last local election. Tell my

old chummie, N***** S*****R, by all means not to come, for whiskey is 25 cents a drink, and if he takes such horns as he used to take in that old room in South College, the bar keeper would charge him 50 cents.

Within a few days he has been heard from, through a member of the "Kaps," to which Society Atkins belonged in College. He is still in Idaho, mining, and has met "with varied success." His present address we regret we cannot give, but it can probably be obtained from his Society friends in Williams. It is now vacation at the College, or we should endeavor to secure it for our Report. We understand he is unmarried, and at his old pursuits, — mining.

ANTHONY DEY AXTELL.

ANTHONY D. AXTELL was born at Auburn, N. Y., March 5, 1834. Both his father and grandfather had been clergymen of influence and experience. He entered the Class at the beginning of the course, and his quiet yet winning and courteous manners, made him always a favorite. He remained at home (Geneva, N. Y.,) for about a year and a half after graduating, at the expiration of which time he was offered the position of a teacher in a Boarding School for boys, near Auburn, which was under the charge of Rev. S. R. Brown, a returned missionary from China. Here he remained for about six months, until the summer of 1856. In September of that year he entered Auburn Theological Seminary, taking the full course, and graduated there May 4, 1859. He had been licensed to preach the preceding February. He was for a time a member of the Geneva Presbytery, and preached at or near Camillus, N. Y. He was at Olean, for a year and a half, where he supplied the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church, and where, in September, 1862, he was married to a daughter of Mr. S. W. Bradley of that place.

In June, 1865, he received a call to the Olivet Presbyterian Church at Lansingburgh, and began his ministrations there July 2, 1865, and was ordained by the Presbytery of Troy as an Evangelist, in February, 1866, and expected to have been installed as its pastor. His health, which was never strong, rapidly failed, however, and in the following summer he was obliged to relinquish his parish. He sought relief from his disease by a visit to Minne-

sota, but without benefit, and returning to Olean, he died of consumption, at the house of his father-in-law, October 17, 1866.

The Necrological Annals of the College, prepared by the late Dr. Durfee, truthfully says: "He was of a gentle spirit, amiable and kind, and decidedly sensitive to the beautiful. He was unselfish, possessing that charity 'which thinketh no evil, and which suffereth long.' He was conscientious and firm to duty, manifesting in great completeness the several traits of a truly Christian character."

FRANCIS SARGENT BISSELL.

One of the very few men in the Class who have never reported themselves at Class meetings, in the Class letters, or in any other way, to the rest of us, is Bissell. Nevertheless, by the aid of diligent inquiry, we have learned a few facts, and some rumors about him, which we give below.

He was born at Pittsburg, Penn., January 28, 1833. He entered our Class at the beginning of Freshman year, and continued with us to the close, uniting heartily in all Class matters and enterprises, from the night when the Freshman stove was tumbled down West College stairs, to the consternation of Tucker and his chum, whose surprise was evident by the immediate flash of a match in his room,—through the eventful period when the ravages of Sophomores (?) in our *delightful* recitation room, in the lower story of Kellogg Hall, induced us to pass those memorable resolutions, in which Tuthill recommended the construction of a new recitation room, with economy of material, on the hexagonal plan, and Charlie Trumbull was a Committee to present them to Prof. Tatlock; he was active in the benevolent desires of our Class to purify the walks around West College from the annoyances occasioned by the "bovines," Sophomore year, when Hance and Langdon and a few more of us were engaged, with Frank's "Banger" to protect us, in eliminating *all* the cows from Williamstown, whether guilty of eating the College grass or not; and he doubtless remembers the silent half dozen who sat quietly on the Mansion House piazza about one o'clock one summer night, when several irate farmers sat as quietly a few feet away, patiently waiting till the students should go down to College, that they

might discover their rooms, yet wisely judging it desirable to keep at a safe distance from Frank's brawny shoulders and heavy Yale "Banger."*

Whose wit was it at last, that remembered the vacant rooms in Old West College, and suggested that the townies be disarmed of their power to trace the offenders, by quietly repairing thither, lighting a few matches to enable their watchful eyes to mark well the location of the rooms, and then as quietly "folding our tents like the Arabs, and silently stealing away," leave the Faculty to hunt up the ghostly tenants of the deserted premises? Ah, well, memory fails to reveal the name of that thoughtful youth, but perhaps Frank could recall it.

When Anderson and the valiant Hoxsey met on West College hill, in that famous "Riot," no more devoted Classman was there on that devoted night, than our silent member; and when the last cold-snap in the spring of Senior year overtook us, whose watchful eye but Frank's discovered Ned Hudson's woodpile, which the oratorical Bill Pratt had only that very afternoon completed, and St-d-d, and Ta-l-r, and Ma-v-n, with H-pk-ns and L-ns-ng and Ing-ls of '55 to help, (not to expose any others,) kindly, if somewhat prematurely perhaps, anticipated "Chip-day," assisted the tenant of the 'Astronomical,' who by good fortune was sleeping not star-gazing that night, to clear up South College grounds, extract the caloric from that woodpile, and save ourselves from shivering around cold stoves as we smoked a social pipe together. With such memories as these creeping over him, it is a marvel that he is silent.

However, after graduating he returned to his home in Pittsburgh, and engaged in the Foundry and Stove business in that city, with his brother, at 235 Liberty street. There he has ever since resided, prosperous and successful in business, and enjoying life, yet not without tasting some of its bitterness as well as its sweets. He was married before 1857. We hear that he has had a family of children, that he lost his wife, and has since married again. Such are the reminiscences and the rumors that have come to the Class Secretary, and if Frank has forgotten the old

* It may be advisable to explain, (simply for the benefit of the children of Class-mates,) that the *Banger* aforesaid did not derive its name from its *speaking* powers, though it was a powerful persuader. It was not a six shooter in Princeton style, but a little black stick with Yale on it in gold letters, and rather *weighty* in an argument. Boston policemen call them "Billies."

times, the Secretary has not. We should have preferred something more complete, and perhaps more *authentic*. Concerning that, however, the Class must judge.

CHARLES ROBINSON BLISS.

We print below a letter from *Bliss*, giving an interesting narrative of his life and work for the last two years. As will be seen, he kindly advises the Secretary to complete the record from one of the "dozen" lives he has previously furnished him, and the Secretary now proceeds to do it.

CHARLES R. BLISS was born at Longmeadow, Mass., November 5, 1828. His parents were Ebenezer and Marilla (Morse) Bliss. He fitted for College at Westfield Academy, and entered with us as a Freshman. Of his college course it is not becoming in the Secretary to speak, except that it may be proper to state, so soon after revealing his own intimacy with Bissell, that "Charlie" was *not* on the *most* intimate terms with him and some others of like disinterestedness and public spirit in the Class, though he *was* on hand in the Hoxsey "affair," and distinguished himself mightily. [The Secretary sadly confesses that *that* scrape he knew nothing about till it was all over, and he was requested to contribute a small \$2.50 piece towards meeting the expense of the entertainment.]

After leaving Williams, he studied Theology at Andover, graduating there in 1858, and soon went to Beverly, N. J., fourteen miles from Philadelphia, on the Delaware river, where he was pastor of the Presbyterian Church, remaining there till November, 1861. During this time, as we learned in the Class Report of 1861, Grout commended "earnestly" to him "several discreet and amiable daughters of most excellent housekeepers in his parish, but without making any observable impression upon him." The winter of 1861-2 he passed principally in Longmeadow, Mass.

May 22, 1862, as appears in the Congregational Quarterly, he was installed over the church (Congregational) in South Reading, Mass., and the following October, 15, he married, at North Andover, Mass., Miss Mary F. Smith, of that place. He ministered at South Reading, (the name of the town being meanwhile changed to Wakefield,) beloved and influential in the church and town,

with a pleasant home, as the Secretary and others of the Class with their wives—Grout, Perkins, and Scudder, especially,—well remember from personal knowledge and experience. He served on the School Committee, and preached sermons,—notably one which the Secretary printed, entitled “Delivery from the Furnace.” He remained there fifteen years. He has no children. This is what the Secretary has compiled about him. Bliss could have done it far better, but we have tried to be truthful, and now as to whether we have fulfilled our duty properly, we call on “C. R.” to arise, and as Prof. Al. used to say, “Will you state to us how that is?” Here follows his letter, which was written in Boston, last winter, though his Post Office address is

Colorado Springs, Col.

DEAR MARVIN:—You are an excellent drummer; escape is impossible. But where is that last life of myself I wrote for you? You must have at least a dozen. Since graduation—what? Is that the question? There is too much of it; my memory is poor, and your space is valuable. Take the last three years. After a service of fifteen years at Wakefield, I left my ancient and vigorous church in 1877, and, with health shattered, feelings blue and courage low, went to Colorado. I traveled, fished, camped out, called on the Utes, inspected the Mexicans, investigated the Aztecs, and returned improved in health, and with a new work on my hands. President Tenney, of Colorado College, thought I could help him in building up that already growing and much needed institution. Not being sufficiently restored to re-enter the pastorate, I refused overtures to settle in certain parishes, and began to expound Colorado, privately and publicly, Sundays and week days, in pulpits, lecture rooms, offices and parlors. Begging was never my forte; nevertheless money came in. That strong and convincing pamphlet entitled “The New West,” by Mr. Tenney, was a rare book to fire out of, and not a few benevolent people were hit.

We soon perceived that Colorado had neighbors, and early in 1878 I wrote letters to prominent men in New Mexico, asking about schools, school laws and school prospects. About the same time, President Tenney had interviews with Rev. Walter M. Barrows, of Salt Lake City, touching similar interests in Utah, and it was resolved between three of us to plant academies in both

those Territories. In the following June, Mr. Tenney, in company with Rev. J. H. Barrows, of Lawrence, Mass., went to Salt Lake City, and secured the incorporation of an academy there. In July, he and myself took a long stage ride from Colorado to Santa Fe, and, under the promise of Eastern aid, established a Protestant Academy in that old Spanish and Catholic city. Returning to Colorado Springs, I was appointed a professor in the College, and instructed to spend a year at the East in canvassing for the three institutions. This was done, when, having returned again to Colorado, in September, 1879, I went a second time to New Mexico—this time alone—and took a still longer stage ride to the city of Albuquerque, seventy-five miles below Santa Fe, in the grape-bearing valley of the Rio Grande. After consultation with various gentlemen, some of whom had intermarried with Mexican families, and all of whom were looking for a new order of things with the coming of the railroad, I succeeded in establishing an academy there also. These academies in New Mexico are not mere private schools, but regularly incorporated academies, after the New England type,—the first Protestant incorporated institutions in the Territory, and of course the best, and bound to be permanent. The College and the three academies have now two hundred and fifty pupils and fifteen teachers, and in every instance are regarded with great favor by the communities in which they are located.

I have been minute in these statements, lest some of my ministerial classmates should think me blameworthy for leaving, even temporarily, the best of professions. School planting is only one step lower than church planting, and if, during the two additional years to be devoted to this work, I can do a good deal more of it, I shall hope the record will be approved. I was very sorry not to be at the Class Meeting, and shall be the more glad to read about it. Give my warmest salutations to all the Class.

HENRY LEVI BLISS.

H. L. BLISS was born March 7, 1833. He entered the Class as a Freshman, coming from Brimfield, Mass., where his family friends are still residing.

He has never reported himself to the Secretary but twice since graduating. In 1859 we heard of him on board of a ferry boat at

Detroit, where Tuthill met him, wandering westward in search of his fortune. In 1860 he wrote he was at Brimfield with his brother, and had been sick. A few months before he had been in the office of the Secretary, but so changed in his personal appearance, that I recognized him with difficulty. He had grown very stout, and wore a long, full beard. Imagine "Little Bliss" with whiskers to his shoulders! He afterwards became deranged, if he was not so at the time mentioned, and was for a time in New York city, under the care of Dr. Scott. Later, he was at home again, but his trouble had not left him, and he was next in the Asylum at Worcester, Mass. In 1865 he had improved somewhat and was out, but when I last saw him, many years ago, his appearance was unchanged, except that his hair was even longer, and the glitter of his eye brighter. I am told that he has been again placed in an Asylum, and was at Worcester, Mass., when last heard from.

FRANCIS BOND.

Dr. Bond writes as follows:—

27 Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR SECRETARY:

I was born June 23, 1827, at Springfield, Erie Co., Penn. My father, Benjamin Bond, was born August 6, 1797, and died May 28, 1839; my mother, Bethiah (Avery) Bond, was born Feb. 20, 1800, and died Jan. 13, 1833; they were both of Conway, Mass. I fitted for College one term at Erie, Penn., and about two years at Grand River Institution, Ashtabula, Ohio. I studied one year near Iowa City, Iowa. I attended one course of medical lectures at St. Louis, Mo., then Dr. Pope's Medical College. I graduated at the New York City University Medical College, March 4, 1857, M.D. Since then I have, with the exception of three weeks, attended unremittingly to the practice of medicine in Brooklyn, N. Y. I anticipate holding forth in my present location while the lamp of life continues to burn, or at least while I am in active homoeopathic practice.

I was married in October, 1856, to Ellen Smith Matthews, of Brooklyn, who has resided with me ever since that eventful epoch. Charles Francis Bond was born Nov. 9, 1859; he is assistant paying teller in the Hanover National Bank, corner of Pine and Nassau

Streets, New York City. Lizzie Bell Bond was born May 20, 1862, and still remains with us.

I was in hopes to have been permitted to attend our last Class meeting, but circumstances prevented. As you are aware, I anticipated going as a foreign missionary. Man designs, but God overrules. I have no doubt it was all for the best. My wife is a member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Brooklyn, and is equivalent to a home missionary, with the exception of receiving no salary. I know just about nothing at all of any other classmate, though it would be a great pleasure to hear of all the survivors of the Class of '54.

ARTHUR JESSE BROWN.

ARTHUR J. BROWN was born at Henderson, Jefferson County, N. Y., April 12, 1828. His parents were Amasa and Sarah Brown. He fitted for College at Castleton Seminary, Vermont, and entered the Class at the beginning of the course.

His first residence, after graduation, as reported in 1857, was at Fort Covington, N. Y. In 1859 he was teaching in the Belleville Union Academy of Belleville, N. Y. While residing there he studied law, and also at the Albany Law School, and in the fall or winter of 1859-60 was admitted in the Supreme Court, to practice. In November, 1862, he was elected to a Judgeship in Jefferson County, (as he wrote for the Class Letter for 1863,) soon after which he removed to Adams, in the same County, where he has since resided. On removing to the latter place he continued in practice, as senior in the firm of Brown & Marsh.

He was one of the first of our Class to leave the state of Bachelorhood, and was married, February 20, 1855, to Miss Roxcena Page, of Shoreham, Vermont. His children are a daughter, Mary C. Brown, now about 24, and married, (her husband's name is Ray,) and Arthur Page, aged 20. A younger son died in the winter of 1862-3. The daughter, Mrs. Ray, was the young lady who astonished our Classmate Seaver, at Rutland, in the summer of 1864, giving him a realizing sense of increasing age, and concerning whom he wrote in '65, that on inquiring who the young lady was who had attracted him, he discovered that she was "the daughter of Classmate Brown, on a visit to Rutland," and said

further, "I do not know of anything that can make me feel so inevitably old as this meeting with the children of those who were our College mates, not in the arms of nurses, but walking about with all the airs of incipient manhood and womanhood. I am not sure that this thing ought to be permitted, thus to thrust the evidence of one's longevity in one's very face." Judge Brown does not seem to be troubled with the infirmities of age, notwithstanding Seaver's lament, and the last time the Secretary saw him, he looked no older than in the happy College days. We have compiled these facts from his answer to the Class Circular, and his letters in years gone by. We were sorry not to have seen him at the Class Meeting, for he presided most acceptably at the previous one. He has written a short letter for the Report, which follows:—

Adams, N. Y.

Dear Classmates:—Your Circular was mislaid, and hence my delay. I regretted very much that I was unable to meet at our silver wedding last Commencement. But I expect to have one of my own the 20th of February, 1880. Twenty-five years have not made me feel a year older than when on the Campus we had those exciting games of *foot-ball*—in fact, I would like one now. I have seen but few of our Class since we last met, and can give no information of recent date in regard to any of them. I have not kept up a correspondence with a single member of the Class, only as I have had business relations. I am actively engaged in my profession, and enjoy it. I am glad you propose to issue one more Class Circular. My kind regards and best wishes to you and the remaining members of the Class of '54.

EDWARD BRUST.

EDWARD BRUST was born in Brunswick, N. Y., and entered the Class as a Freshman. Immediately upon graduating he entered the office of Seymour & Van Santvoord, Troy, N. Y., and began the study of law, teaching for a few months in the following winter. He was admitted to the bar in the spring of 1856. In 1857 he started for the West, "and after prospecting for awhile in Iowa, went up the Mississippi to St. Paul, and thence to

Taylor's Falls, Minnesota, where he "'hung out his shingle' on the first of July." Thus he wrote in the winter of 1859-60. In November, 1860, not finding the place congenial, he removed to Dubuque, Iowa. There he practiced law, I think, with our Classmate Doud, until the spring of 1864, when he made a "change of base" to Chicago, and here he still remains.

We regret that we have no direct news from him for this Report, but Dewey, of our Class, who also lives in Chicago, wrote in February, 1880, that he has "seen him at last. He does not promise to write," remarks Dewey, "says he has nothing to say worth saying. He is in the employ of the Hartford Insurance Company, and has been there for some ten years or more. He is married, but has no children; is fat and well. He lives on the south side, (Chicago,) some miles from me. I seldom see him."

O Brust, how could you be silent, when we all wanted to hear from you? Have you forgotten those sunny afternoons in old West College, upper hall, when we used to go and see you and Snowden, and grub algebra? when Peter Coon discussed the scriptural meaning of "everlasting," and Sam Field's apple basket was passed around? when the momentous question of what the "Philognomean" should debate next was considered, and the peaceful cows occasionally paid that entry a nocturnal visit? We cannot believe it.

WALTER HALSEY CLARK.

WALTER H. CLARK writes as follows:—

Silver Ridge, Neb.

Ever dear Classmate,—Your first Circular was welcomed last week, and another came this week, so I will write at once, giving the specified items in their order. I was born July 2, 1832, at Milton, on the Hudson, Ulster Co., N. Y. My parents' names are Nathaniel and Hannah (Marsh) Clark. I fitted for College at Cornwall Collegiate Institute, Cornwall, N. Y. I studied two years at Auburn Theological Seminary, and one year at Union Theological Seminary, New York City, where I also attended medical lectures. I have received no degree elsewhere. I have been occupied in preaching, and for over a year past in teaching also.

I went to Africa in 1859, and was at home recruiting from September, 1863, to January, 1865. I returned home finally in 1868; translated and printed for the Corisco Mission upwards of a year, and came to Nebraska in 1870, after being compelled to abandon all hope of returning to Africa. I was wholly occupied in doing pioneer work here until a little more than a year since, when, finding my strength failing, I started a school, which I expect to be my chief field of missionary labor hereafter.

January 1, 1861, I was married at Corisco to Miss Maria M. Jackson, of Xenia, Ohio, who has since been a "helpmeet" for me in all my efforts to do good. We have had six children, all still living, as follows:—Walter J., born at Milton, N. Y., January 31, 1862; Anna L., Xenia, Ohio, July 30, 1864; William R., Corisco, Africa, Nov. 23, 1866; Caroline R., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., May 10, 1869; James G., Ponca, Neb., June 24, 1871; Edgar D., Silver Ridge, Neb., March 22, 1873.

After being here some time, I took a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres, where I expect to end my days, as I have moved about the world all I care to do. My aim is to do all I can for the world, my country, and my adopted State, by cultivating in my little field, to the best of my ability, intelligence, refinement, and religion. I have, with borrowed capital, put up a suitable building, costing about \$1,000, but it is not yet filled, though my school is doing as well as could be expected in these close times.

I have not seen a Classmate for about ten years, though I have heard from several. Your proposed Report is what I have been wishing for, and will give me a great deal of pleasure. I never forget old friends, and those of College days are specially remembered. My warmest and kindest greetings to all the Class of '54.

This letter, complete as it is, we supplement with a few facts gleaned from early Class Reports. He graduated at Union Theological Seminary in May, 1859, and decided upon going to the Gaboon, to join the Mission there, under the care of the American Board. He was ordained in July, and sailed September 27, of that year, in the Ocean Eagle, from New York, for that point, arriving January 28, 1860. He was at Nengenge and Baraka, two points near the coast in West Africa, and wrote for the periodicals of the American Board several very interesting letters on "African Customs." The climate of that part of Africa was too unhealthy for him to remain there, and January 1, 1861, he

joined the Corisco Mission of the Presbyterian Board. His wife's health having suffered, she was obliged to return to America in the following August. In July, 1863, he was obliged himself to return, when he remained fifteen months, as his letter shows. He sailed again for Corisco, in the Greyhound, in January, 1865, having, while in America, had charge of printing the Gospel of St. John and the book of Acts in the Benga (Corisco) language.

Three years' labor there was so great a tax on his strength, that he found himself obliged to relinquish the Foreign work, and he returned, to continue labor for the Presbyterian Board, in translating and supervising their African publications. Since that time his letter gives all further information necessary. His modesty has prevented his own reference to his valuable services, which the Secretary believes the Class ought to know, whether Clark agrees with him or not.

MATTHIAS DAY.

MATTHIAS DAY was born in New York city, March 19, 1831; his father's name was also Matthias. He entered our Class at the beginning of the course, and graduated in due order. Since that time he has never once reported himself at Class Meetings or in the Class Letter. We remember his quiet ways in College, and regret that this characteristic has clung to him ever since. If it were wise and proper, I would remind him of a certain turkey supper in the sky-parlor of West College, when two of our Class, and one of 1855, (all three are distinguished clergymen now,) were present, and proved the truth of Proverbs ix. 17, but I forbear. If "Tony" could have been with us, he also might have reminded us of some Freshman adventures, long before *Day-dawn*, but that was not to be. "Mat." probably remembers a certain *flute*, which used to murmur softly (!!) "I warn all ye darkies not to lub her," to the most intense disgust of Ned Taylor. That flute is still preserved.

As to the whereabouts of our Classmate, we can give but little information. He went West, immediately after graduating, and was married in May, 1855. We heard of him once in Chicago, but whether as a resident or visitor, our informant said not. He has been engaged in mercantile business in *Toledo, Ohio*,—(lumber,

one friend wrote,) for many years, but Circulars have failed to elicit any response. Wells speaks of having met him, in 1878, as a member of the Presbyterian General Assembly at its meeting in Pittsburgh, Penn. His residence was then Toledo, where we suppose he continues. Sorry, Day, you are a D-linquent.

JAMES RANDOLPH DEWEY.

JAMES R. DEWEY was born at Westfield, Mass., August 16, 1830, from which town he entered our Class as a Freshman. He did not report the first year after graduating, but in 1856 he taught in Springfield, Mass., and during that and the following year, studied law in that city. He was admitted to the bar in the spring of 1859, and soon after went to Chicago, and in the next report we had of him, he was practicing, but soon after resumed his earlier profession as a teacher. Grout had a very pleasant visit from him; and the Secretary, a call which was most delightful; his daughter was with him when he visited Grout, but he thought it unsafe probably to bring her through the labyrinthine streets of the hub, when he called on the Secretary, whose great regret was that his visit was so brief. He has written a very interesting letter to Grout, which we print below.

Chicago, Ill.

My dear Grout:—Your postal is at hand. Glad we are to have another Class Letter. I have been hungry to hear from members of the Class of '54 for a long time. I hope you will find something below for the Letter. Please add, subtract, amend, punctuate and edit this matter to your satisfaction, and send me the letter quick.

Of the twenty-five years since we graduated, I have been teaching twenty. Fifteen years of this service have been in the Chicago High School as teacher of Greek. In the early years of this service we had from ten to twenty in the Department. We now have one hundred and ten, twenty-eight of whom graduate this year. We send them to Harvard, Yale, Williams, Amherst, and to the best of our Western Colleges. The work, at first distasteful and entered upon from necessity, I have come to enjoy. The labor is constant, the salaries are small, and the little accumulations of earlier years went into the gulf of hard times. Outside

of my school I have found opportunity for work in connection with the Congregational churches of the city. One of these was organized eleven years ago, and held its meetings for two months at my house. It is now one of the most flourishing churches of the city.

In all these years my family has been my pride and joy. I was married in May, 1855, while teaching in Vermont. Six children have been born to us. One died in infancy; another, Gracie, at five years old, of diphtheria, and our oldest, James R., a member of the Senior Class of Williams College, twenty-one years old, was drowned two years since. Within the last five years also, my mother, sister, and brother have been buried from my house. I have a son, twenty-one years old, in business in Chicago; a daughter, eighteen, in the Senior Class of the High School, and a little one, twenty months old, who will be ready, we hope, for "Old Williams" soon. Thus our family, which began to be divided only five years ago, is rapidly reuniting in our other and far better home.

I came to Chicago nearly twenty years ago, and have seldom been East since, and never to my Alma Mater. I maintain, however, a constant interest in Williams College, and hope to send some of our best young men there another year. I have also a growing interest in my Classmates. Sad experiences have led me to crave their friendly sympathy, and to desire to express mine for them in the bereavements and losses of these twenty-five years. My family all join me in most cordial greetings to each living member of our Class. We have always for them an open door and heart when they are in Chicago. Our residence is 212 Leavitt Street.

For yourself, my dear Grout, please accept love and congratulations over your silver wedding. How old you are! I begin to feel *reverence* for you. Doubtless you are wise and grave as a bishop. Well, you were not always thus; what trouble you gave me in College! I have hardly been myself since! But I will not tease you; I shall grow old myself some day, and look as grave and grizzly as the Concord Sage and Pastor. Let me hear from you soon about the "Letter."

In a note dated February 28, 1880, Dewey adds: "I am still giving them Xenophon and Homer in the High School. I get an honest living; do you do that? I am getting very old, nearly a hundred years; am grey, wrinkled, bowed, infirm. I live in the

past. I chew over the cud of other days and find it sweet. I carry wisdom in both pockets; I am crammed with experience; everybody comes to me for it; my charges are moderate. If you wish to know anything, write to me, (enclosing postage stamp,) for I am ever yours."

JOHN DOUD.

JOHN DOUD was born in Louisville, N. Y., August 19, 1829. He did not join the Class until we had travelled "up the hill of science" for some distance, but his loyalty was all the stronger for that. After graduating he studied law, and early in 1858 he was a member of the firm of Wilson, Utley and Doud, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Globe Building, corner of 5th and 9th sts., Dubuque, Iowa. Somewhat later we heard of him as holding the office of City Attorney there. His firm remained unchanged for several years, though we had rumors in '63, that Brust was in business with him. We had one or two letters from the "Judge," in the twelve years following graduation, but nothing for many years, until we accidentally found he had removed to *Fort Dodge, Iowa*, and Grout wrote to him there, eliciting the following:—

Fort Dodge, Iowa, March 5th, 1880.

H. M. Grout, Concord, Mass.

My Dear Friend and Classmate,—

Your kind letter of 1st inst. just received, and this is to assure you that I will answer in a very few days, am just now occupied, so that I am unable to say more than that my "my heart is still young and glowing with the affectionate remembrance of my Classmates of '54."

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN DOUD, JUN.

Doud has forgotten to answer further, but we have good authority for adding that he practices law and deals in real estate, and has made money. He has a wife and two children; a girl of nine, and a boy of *about* one. His brief note is a grand introduction to a first rate letter. We knew his heart would always be young and glowing, and we *thought* he would be prompt in writing the Class Secretary.

HENRY MARTYN FIELD.

HENRY M. FIELD writes from Bank Block, (Office of Metcalf & Field,) Canandaigua, N. Y., the following letter to the Secretary:—

Dear M.:—It was with much regret that I had to give up meeting with the Class last July, but my engagements were such that I could not leave home. I am glad that there is to be a Class Letter, and I will answer the questions in your Circular.

I was born on the 2d of January, 1834, in Avon, Livingston County, New York. My father's name was Alfred B. Field, and my mother's Ann B. Field. I fitted for College at Canandaigua Academy; studied law, as a student, in Worden & Chesebro's office in Canandaigua, and have been studying it more or less ever since. In December, 1856, I was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court in this State. I was a clerk in a law office in New York City from December, 1856, until February, 1858, when my father died, and I returned to Canandaigua, where I have resided ever since. Have been in the same office and with the same partner since April, 1863. I was married 6th October, 1859; my wife's maiden name was Fannie A. Warren, and her residence New York City. We have but one child living, Louise Hurlbut, 19 years of age. I have had much of pleasure and comfort out of life and living; have had many good friends and have them still. Life to me has not had as great variety as to many, but it has been good and substantial. I have had plenty of work; have a pleasant home, and never have *much money at a time*; country lawyers never do, so far as I know.

Dr. J. B. Hayes is my neighbor and friend; he will tell you about himself. James B. Adams resides and practices law at Geneseo, New York; is a prominent lawyer, and has been District Attorney of that County. Many of my Class friends—Langdon, Jackson, and others—are dead; the rest are so far away, that I never meet them, much to my regret. . .


From his earlier letters, we add the following:—While in New York city, he was in the office of Martin & Smith, 29 Nassau St. At his marriage, Langdon of our Class was his groomsman, and

Jackson and Taylor were present. His first daughter was born October 8, 1860; a second daughter, *Annie Beale Field*, was born February 1, 1864; and October 15, 1865, twin boys, one of whom lived but a few days. These younger members of his family died in childhood. In July, 1863, he was drafted, but Uncle Sam's surgeon thought he "couldn't see it," and so by no fault of Field's the Government lost his services. From other sources we learn that our Classmate has been useful in his day and generation, having filled various positions in the service of his fellow citizens, in public life and in the Church, which his modesty and the Secretary's lack of exact knowledge oblige us to leave unmentioned.

HORACE BARNES FOSKETT.

We were delighted to receive from our Classmate Foskett the letter below. We have heard from him so seldom for the last ten years,—and not at all for several,—that a painful rumor prevailed at the Class meeting, that he was no longer with us. That is what a man gets by not writing,—but when we remembered how neatly he used to send a foot-ball over the top of West College, and the experiences of the war, in which his physical constitution was but little impaired, we could not believe the report, and his letter tells us what he has been doing. We supplement some omissions in this from previous reports.

He was born in New Hartford, Conn., December 18, 1824. He fitted for college at North Adams, Mass., and entered our Class at the beginning of the course, rooming, if we remember rightly, in old West College, with Judson Tucker, right over the East door, as the building was then arranged. That door has now been closed, and entrances placed at the north and south sides of the building,—only another wicked (?) contrivance on the part of the Faculty to make it harder for a poor fellow to *go through* College; in fact he *can't* do it, that way at least, now, and it's a question in the minds of the Secretary and his associate how many of us could go through *any* way, now;—but—here's Foskett's letter:—



ESSEX, *Page Co.*, IOWA.

Your "circular" has reached me, and been duly noted. In reply I have to say . . . I studied, after graduation, at the Parsonage. Have received a good "degree" of favor, wherever I have been settled. Business, exclusively, the ministry of the gospel—in Southboro', Mass., where I was ordained, three years, nearly; in Joliet, Ill., one year; in Kewanee, Ill., six years, less one of service in the army, having taken upon me, Sept. 5, 1862, the duties of Chaplain of the 124th Regt. Ill. Inf., 1st Brigade, 3d Div., 17th Army Corps, Department of the Tennessee,—participated in the battles of Port Gibson, Raymond, Champion Hills, Jackson, Black River, and in the entire siege of Vicksburg, where our Brigade had the honor of being the first Infantry force to enter the city. I was dismissed the service next day after the surrender of Vicksburg, on account of partial blindness, from which I did not fully recover for three years. Settled as pastor at Morris, Grundy Co., Ill., Jan. 1st, 1864,—remained six years, less three months; removed to Monmouth, Warren Co., Ill., remained six years; removed to Sacramento, Cal., on account of my wife's illness—chronic bronchitis—remained three years, less three months; and removed to this place, where I have now been pastor of two small churches, one in an adjoining town, for one year and a half—both of which have doubled in membership since my coming.

My life has been one of work rather than literary culture. I have been permitted to welcome a considerable number of members to the churches I have served, and have seen them move forward to advanced positions while with them. I have had considerable to do with church building. Have aided in the building two, one of which cost \$18,000, and in extensive repairs and changes upon another; have aided in the finishing off of two others, and am now raising funds for the erection of another.

I was married at North Adams to Esther E. Ingraham. I have three sons—Will. H., born in July, 1855, engaged in lumber and grain trade; Harvey B., born January 23, 1858, in the Theological Seminary at Morgan Park, Ill.; Herbert I., clerk in a store of general merchandise,—this youngest, 18 years old the 11th December, 1879. These sons have never given me a half-hour's anxiety by their misconduct; a daughter died in infancy, November, 1860. My salary has ranged from \$600 to \$1,500 per annum. I remember my Classmates with interest, although I

seldom see any of them, and rejoice that by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, I am permitted to send this greeting.

Fraternally.

FOSKETT was, while a resident of Kewanee, elected School Commissioner of his County, by a majority of 1,200 over his competitor. One of his sermons, preached in that place to an immense audience assembled in a grove, was printed (and the Secretary thinks many more ought to have been). He says nothing of his services in behalf of his country in the field of politics, but we remember that in the second Lincoln campaign he was "on the stump for Old Abe," and he did it then, as he wrote in 1865,—"the cry of *political preachers* to the contrary notwithstanding, and would do it again, only more so, in similar circumstances."

JOHN P. S. GIFFORD.

GIFFORD came into our Class from one above us, having been out of College for some time, for business reasons. He was born in Canaan, N. Y., October 25, 1833. He has written for the Class Letter but once or twice since graduation. In 1863, he wrote from Albany, N. Y., that he had been engaged in teaching for a time after graduation, and afterwards as a merchant, and had been successful in both. He was then and the following year at 53 Quay Street, Albany. He was married in 1857 or 1858, but had then no children. He was present with the Class in 1864, and gave an account of his wanderings Westward, and intimated that fortune had been rather fickle in her favors. A year or two before, Prof. Griffin informed me he had made a valuable gift to our College Library. For the time that has since elapsed we have received no intelligence of him.

ALBERT GRAVES.

ALBERT GRAVES was born in Canaan, N. Y., March 4, 1832, and entered the Class some time after the beginning of Sophomore year. The air of his birthplace must have had a peculiar effect,

as neither he nor Gifford have shown any great interest in the Class Reports. The Class met in 1864 at Whitman's house, in Williamstown, and while a few of us were sitting there talking over Class memories and days gone by, a knock was heard at the door. On opening it a letter was handed in, which proved to be from Graves, and as we had that moment been speaking of him, it excited much comment and interest. As it contains the only news we have ever had from him, except a brief one the following year, we reprint it here from the Class Letter of 1865.

"Dear Classmates: I regret that I shall be unable to be with you to-morrow. I would not send even this miserable apology for my absence, did I not feel it my duty to break for the first time the silence of ten years. I will acknowledge that I have been remiss in my duty to my Classmates, and will endeavor to do better in future.

"My life the past ten years has been a quiet one, following the profession of teaching in different places, with a moderate degree of success. For the two years ending July, 1860, I taught in Concordia Parish, Louisiana, and near Natchez, Miss., and not in Georgia or South Carolina, as Mathivet says of me in the Class Letter of 1863. I did not 'flee the country,' but came away at the expiration of my term of engagement, months before the troubles between the North and South culminated in hostilities. Marvin is right about 'our Albert's' being married to a Massachusetts lady. That event took place in Sandwich, Cape Cod, June 4, 1862. The maiden name of the fair lady who put an end to my bachelor career was Louisa M. Waterman. I am blessed by one blue-eyed, golden-haired little girl, a year old, which I would not be afraid to match against the offspring of my most illustrious Classmates. My home is at present in *Plainfield, N. J.*, where I will entertain to the best of my ability any of my Classmates that may happen along. Wishing you all a happy time in your reunion, and hoping that your future may be bright and prosperous, both in spiritual and temporal things, I remain, your friend and Classmate."

The year after, the Secretary had the pleasure of a call from him. Although we had not met for twelve years, we recognized each other instantly. He told me he had been teaching most of

the time since graduating, and for the two years previously in Kentucky. He proposed to continue in that profession. His address the following winter was New York city, but since that time I have heard not a word from him.

HENRY MARTYN GROUT.

DR. GROUT is living at Concord, Mass., where he is doing a good work, as will appear from his letter which follows:—

Dear Secretary:—You ask for a full report. The first noteworthy event in my life occurred in Newfane, Vermont, May 14, 1831. It was then and there that I had the pleasure of being born. I fitted for College at the Academy in West Brattleboro', to which place my father removed when I was a child. The second important event, and the great hit of my life, was in going to Williams and joining the Class of '54.

For three years after graduating I followed the profession of teaching. Meanwhile, September 8, 1854, I was married to Frances J. Foster, daughter of Rev. Amos Foster, then of Ludlow, Vt. While teaching, I was solicited to preach so often, that I found myself in the work of the ministry without quite intending it, though always fond of and given to theological studies. Sept. 1, 1858, I was ordained and installed as Pastor of the Congregational Church, Putney, Vt. I remained there two and a half years; filled a gap as Principal of Monson (Mass.) Academy for a year; was Pastor of the Church at West Rutland, Vt., from August 18, 1862, to June, 1867, and at West Springfield, Mass., from July, 1867, to January, 1871. I began my pastorate in Concord, July 1, 1872, having served on the Editorial Staff of the *Congregationalist* for nearly a year and a half, and with the understanding that I should be allowed to continue newspaper work, which I have done until within a year.

In 1878, Williams College being distressingly short of timber for honorary degrees, dubbed me Doctor of Sacred Theology. I have printed nearly thirty pamphlets and sermons, most of the latter being in the Monday Club Series. My daughter was married a few weeks ago to an educated young physician; and my son, a

boy of thirteen, is just dipping into Latin. My head is whitening and my beard is mixed with grey. There is a spot on the top of my head where my wife pats me and says, "Good fellow;" the hair is all gone.

I have seen Bliss often. Hereabouts we have a great opinion of him, but how he behaves in Colorado we don't know. Allow me to whisper to the Class,—you will yourself skip this passage,—that Marvin is fat, and wears his old time cheery face. He is one of the solid, sober men of Boston; would make a grand deacon. I met Kittredge at Williamstown last year, and heard him preach at Springfield. In the pulpit his steam never gives out; he is what the boys would call, a "regular double-ripper." But both Kittredge and Mix, whom I met at Saratoga, have sadly degenerated: both of them have taken to cigars, and I fear will some day go out in smoke. Jim Dewey has lately kept his silver wedding. His daughter, whose brightness does great honor to the Class, recently took him East to show him the sights. They spent some days at my house and I had a chance to preach him a gospel sermon on Sunday,—a great rarity to a man who has to live in Chicago. I was surprised to be called upon a few weeks ago to conduct funeral services for Hudson. Under his own name, the Class will be informed with respect to his sickness and death. I hear that a son of the lamented Ames is soon going to enter Harvard.

I am now on my ninth year in this historic and transcendental town. I have a good church, and a pleasant home, to which my Classmates, singly or in a body, will be most welcome. I never loved my work better than now. It is nearly a year since we kept our silver wedding, when my good wife and I solemnly agreed to stick and pull together for another twenty-five years, if the Lord lets us stay this side the river so long. When the Class celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of its graduation, we will do our best to be there.

Cordially yours.

The Secretary cannot add anything to this except to mention that Brattleboro was the scene of Grout's early experience as a pedagogue. The Class will doubtless remember that our Massachusetts State Prison is at Concord, and I am sure will rejoice in knowing that our old Freshman monitor is in a position to do good to the inmates, if any of our members ever get in there, which Heaven forbid. And here the Secretary begs to add his

acknowledgment of the aid he has received from his associate, in getting news from several members of the Class, who turned a deaf ear to his Circulars, but could not resist the "still hunt" of GROUT. He always did have a persuasive way with him, as our Class meetings used to testify. He even threatened shot-guns if the men did not respond.

What became of that *cloak*, GROUT, that was so convenient, one dark rainy night, Freshman year—I won't enlarge on the circumstance, you will remember it perhaps, though somebody else wore it, for the Monitor was above suspicion and such things; and if Frank Perkins saw it, when he looked out of his window in the Freshman recitation room, that evening, he knew well enough it was not *you* he saw, and that lame knee prevented him from coming out to make sure, you know. Perhaps you "left it at Troas."

ANTHONY T. HALL.

ANTHONY T. HALL was born January 31, 1832, at Gallatin, Texas. I take the following from the College necrology:—

ANTHONY THORNTON HALL died at Shelbyville, Ill., November 24, 1872. He was second son of Catharine P. and Rev. J. W. Hall, was born in Gallatin, Summer county, Tennessee, January 22, 1834. His father was for a number of years President of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, and subsequently superintendent of public instruction in the city of Covington, Ky. In November, 1840, he became the pastor of the Third street Presbyterian church in Dayton, Ohio. Here our Classmate Hall received his primary education, and was prepared for college under the instruction of William Norris Edwards, (W. C. 1838). He joined the Sophomore Class in 1851. Soon after leaving college he commenced the study of law in Dayton, in the office of Davies & Lowe, and after completing his course there went to Shelbyville, Illinois, and became junior partner of Judge Thornton, his uncle. This partnership continued some years, till his uncle was elected a member of Congress. After that he entered a new firm under the name of Eden, Hall & Windling. He was a member of this popular and prosperous firm when he died. The following extract is taken from the Shelbyville Leader, November 28, 1872:—

"No death ever occurred in this community causing such general grief. No man ever passed from our midst whose loss has been more deplored. Large numbers of people from town and country, public schools closed for the occasion and their hundreds of pupils in procession, business men who had closed their shops, offices and stores, old and young from far and near, all, while the bells of the city tolled, united in forming a funeral pageant, yesterday, greater than our city ever witnessed. Such obsequies, surrounded by such throngs from every class and calling, furnish a more eloquent tribute to the character of ANTHONY T. HALL, than tongue or pen could ever give.

"At eight o'clock Sunday morning, after less than one week's illness, he died. At four o'clock of that day the largest church in our city was crowded to its utmost capacity to witness the proceedings of the Bar, convened to take action appropriate to the occasion. Indeed, every event connected with his death and burial excited the attention of the entire community. For seven years he has been one of our most efficient county officers,—so thoroughly efficient that the authorities refused his resignation, and begged that he retain the superintendence of our schools. We believe that by him a greater impetus has been given to the cause of education in this and adjoining counties than can be attributed to any other friend of that cause. Himself an accomplished scholar, he appreciated the value of an education, and with a devotion not born of mercenary motives, but inspired by a deep interest in our schools, he had often visited every portion of our county, and labored assiduously in their behalf. For nearly fifteen years he has been one of our most prominent, faithful, honorable and successful lawyers, and his worth and character as such have received the highest eulogiums an eloquent bar could pronounce.

"He will be missed by the postmaster, who, for all these long years, has mailed a letter every Monday morning to a loved mother, in the well known hand-writing of A. T. Hall. He will be missed by a large circle of close and admiring friends, by a host of citizens who were wont to shape their business by his advice; and more than by any others not related by the ties of blood, by the officers of the court and gentlemen of the bar of Shelbyville county.

"In every relation of life, in his profession, in his official position, in the social circle, and wherever and whenever found, he was always the same genial, affable, true, high-minded gentleman. With no stain to blot his character, with more of nobility and less frailty than is common to man, with countless friends, and no personal enemies, he died, leaving to his aged father and mother, to an only brother and an only sister, that priceless legacy—an untarnished name."

From the above it will be seen that Hall held various positions of honor and trust, at the hands of his fellow-citizens; but the Secretary has been unable to obtain any particulars beyond those mentioned in the extract quoted. He was never married, but wrote in one of the last Class Letters that he was a "confirmed old bachelor, but not a sour one." He spoke most pleasantly of the members of the Class, and his memory will long be cherished by those who survive him.

JOSEPH BYRON HAYES.

THE following letter, written from Canandaigua, N.Y., is so full that the Secretary is unable to add anything to the information it gives; yet he cannot resist the temptation to inquire whether "Byron" loves to play chess as well as he used to when he roomed in East College, and if he knows who it was that drove those cows over West Mountain one summer night in Sophomore year. The Secretary don't *exactly* remember.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., Feb. 25, 1880.

Dear Classmates:—I am living happily in Canandaigua, N. Y.,—my native place,—in the practice of medicine, which I began here in 1860; having received my degree in March of that year from the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia. After leaving College I spent one year at home, teaching in our Academy, and four and a half years in Philadelphia. I married, in September, 1861, Louisa A. Coleman; her native place was Frederick, Md. I have never since had occasion to regret it. I have three children living—Edward Graham, born July, 1862; George Byron, born July, 1865; and Chester Coleman, born July, 1867. My youngest child, Hattie, born May, 1871, died at the age of four years. She was a beautiful and interesting child. My parents' names are Joseph Byron and Sarah Antis Hayes. My mother is living. My father died in my boyhood. I was born May 11th, 1834. I was fitted for College at Canandaigua Academy, entering the Sophomore Class in 1851, at the age of 17½ years, being among the youngest in the Class. After my return home, in September, 1854, I became a member of the Congregational church in this place, having been converted, as you know, during the last term of Senior year. My severe illness at that time was the occasion of my change, and led me into a new, and better, and happier life.

My friend and Classmate *Field*, is also a member of the same church. We are near neighbors. He is my lawyer, and I am his physician. Our mutual regard increases with years. He is prosperous, and enjoys to a high degree the respect and confidence of the community and of his numerous clients.

I spent three weeks of last month in Colorado, leaving my oldest son in the mountains near Colorado Springs. This city is

the home of Classmate *Tuthill*. I enjoyed heartily the visits to his house, where he and his estimable wife gave us a most hospitable reception. We recounted together the names and memorable events of our Class. Harnessing his steed to his chariot, he carried us to the 'Garden of the Gods,' where we had a picnic; and to the springs of Manitou at the foot of Pike's Peak. He is engaged in practical Bucolics and Georgics upon a ranch of ten acres. May he fully recover the health which he lost in the Master's service. In 1878 I visited Classmate *Merritt*, at his great freezing and preserving establishment in Kewanee, Ill., where a partridge or prairie hen may be kept for a year without eating. He has a prosperous and extensive business.

Those of us who were able to be at our re-union last June, know how keenly we enjoyed it. It was full of tender feeling—that meeting in our old Senior recitation room,—and I believe greatly increased our mutual regard. It demonstrated that it is, after so many years, in our spiritual nature we have the strongest and most enduring bond. It being the first commencement that I had attended for twenty-five years, all the exercises had a freshness to me as to a literal freshman. I particularly enjoyed the Alumni dinner, our Prex and the other old boys who were called on the floor, the 'perfect looseness' of some of the speakers, and our Class interviews with the Prex in service and the Prex Emeritus.—*Amice venerabilis! Serus in cœlum redeas.* But I fear of tiring you. With a kind greeting to my Classmates, one and all,

I am sincerely yours,

J. B. H.

CARLTON S. HORTON.

HORTON was one of the earlier members of our Class to be called away, and we cannot do better than place here the following extract from one of our Class Letters, the substance of which was furnished the Secretary by Rev. Dr. J. Clement French, whom we all remember as of the Class of '53, and an intimate College friend of "Carl's."

CARLTON S. HORTON was born in Palmyra, N. Y., June 12, 1832, and was therefore thirty-two years and six months old, at the time of his death. He entered College at the beginning of the course, and took a high rank for scholarship among us, receiving one of the "honors"

on graduating. His intention was to study for the ministry, after leaving College, and he entered Union Theological Seminary, for the purpose. In the winter of his last year there, he took cold, which was the beginning of his ill health. Hoping that a change of climate might be productive of good, and at the same time allow him to continue his studies, he went in June, 1857, to Heidelberg. His health continued to fail, however, and he was directed by medical advice to go at once to Madeira. "On his way, he was seized with a hemorrhage from the lungs, in a street of Paris. Alone, with little money, speaking the language with difficulty, and in imminent danger of death, his distress could not be easily overstated." He succeeded, however, in reaching the island, and under the beautiful climate, and the careful watching he received, apparently improved. In the summer of 1858 he returned to the United States, for a visit to his mother and friends. While here he was again prostrated, and his recovery was considered impossible, but he finally was enabled to start on his return to Madeira, which he reached, by the way of England, not without danger, and suffering a painful relapse in Southampton, on his way. His father's death while in College, straitened him somewhat as to his circumstances, but by teaching in New York, while in the Seminary, he had acquired enough for his support abroad for about a year. This expended, he was dependent in a measure upon his friends, from the necessity of the case. His health forbade him to think of living away from Madeira, while that place offered but little encouragement for business prospects. By industry and the generosity of his friends he was enabled to struggle along, and he made one visit to the United States (referred to in the Class Letter) which was of service to him, and his prospects were now beginning to improve, when he was taken away. Though suddenly called, all of us who knew him, must believe him to have been ready. He was always very conscientious, and I think rarely, if ever, failed to maintain such a purity of life and conduct as his Christian profession demanded. Peace to his memory.

EDWARD PAYSON HUDSON.

EDWARD P. HUDSON we have heard of but seldom for several years. Though he had been a resident of New York city for a long time, he seemed to have passed out of the sight and knowledge of the Class. We finally heard that he was in Boston in the winter of 1879-80, and by diligent inquiry and letters to his relatives in a distant State, ascertained the name of his sister's husband, who resides near Boston, and through him obtained his address. We thus got a circular to him, and in the spring of 1880 he called on the Secretary. He was a large, fine-looking man, much heavier than when in College, and I did not recognize him—the only one of the Class I have met since graduation I could not name instantly,—so that you will see that he must have altered in his personal appearance considerably. As we talked

over old times a little, the old familiar expression of his face returned, but he seemed to be very reticent about his own experiences, while expressing much interest in many other members of the Class. I could not persuade him to write, or to promise to do so, and so, after he left my office, I jotted down a few facts in his history, which are substantially contained in the necrologic record of the Alumni, which I reprint below.

When he came into my office he told me of his illness, which, however, did not make itself evident to an observer, except by the oppression in his breathing. A few weeks before his death he was removed to the City Hospital, where he received the best of care and attention. His disease developed rapidly, and neither Grout nor myself knew of his danger, or even that he was confined to his house, until we learned of his death. His funeral was attended by Grout, who conducted the services, and I was also present. His sister, who had been attending at the bedside of his aged mother in a Western city, had been summoned to Boston, by telegraph, when it became evident that his condition was serious, but while on her way was recalled to her mother, who was taken alarmingly sick, and returned, and HUDSON died without any of his family being near him. He had been prospered in his business, though the developments of his patents and inventions had absorbed a great deal of money. He was enthusiastic in elaborating the results of his discoveries, each of which seemed to lead to something better beyond.

He was born in Vermont, April 29, 1832, entered College from East Dorset, Vt., in the fall of 1850, and completed the course, standing well in his Class. Soon after leaving College, he went to Washington and engaged in the publication of a scientific paper called "The Pen and Lever"; but in 1856 was obliged by impaired health to give up the work. Sometime in 1857 he went into the business of manufacturing iron and steel at Port Henry, N. Y. Later he removed to Troy, and continued in the same business, until the outbreak of the Rebellion. He enlisted in the 6th Connecticut Regiment and was soon promoted to the position of Captain. He was taken prisoner October 18, 1862, in North Carolina, confined in Charleston jail, and tried as a spy, but his successful defence made friends of his accusers and he was released on parole and afterwards exchanged.

He returned to his regiment May 1, 1863, participated in the assault on Morris Island below Charleston, July 10, 1863, and in

the assault on Fort Wagner, July 18, where he was second in command of his regiment, and was wounded. Disabled by this wound and by the disease of the heart, which was ultimately the cause of his death, he was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps, and was stationed at Washington, at one time as Provost Marshal with the rank of Captain. While there he studied medicine and took the degree of M. D.

At the close of the war he resumed his scientific work. He was much interested in working out processes for treatment of metals, and invented and patented many useful improvements in blast-furnaces, machines for compressing peat and making steel. His tastes led him to investigate, and whatever he touched seemed to suggest some new invention or improvement, his mind having wonderful quickness and fertility in this direction.

He was married by his Classmate, Dr. Seaver, January 1, 1863, to Miss Kate Campbell, of Rutland, Vt. He died of valvular disease of the heart, June 13, 1880, at Boston, whither he had gone from his residence in New York to introduce one of his new inventions.

ROBERT JACKSON.

ROBERT JACKSON entered the Class at the close of Sophomore year. While he was always a strong Class man, and constantly maintained his interest in our members, he was very apt to write the Secretary a complimentary letter after the Report was published, but without much mention of his own experiences. The consequence of this was that he knew all about us, while we knew very little about him,—an eminently pleasing thing to him and equally unsatisfactory to the rest of us. But it was “a way he had,” and personal visits of the Secretary to his office, where he was always cordially welcomed, could not overcome the habit.

He was born in Cambridge, N. Y., November 21, 1834. His parents were James and Grace Jackson; he was, as we all remember, a fine student, and graduated with one of the honors. After leaving College he began the study of law at the Albany Law School; in 1856 or '57 he was admitted to the bar of New York, and was for a time in an office at 65 Williams street. He afterwards opened an office at 110 Broadway, where he continued the practice of his profession until his death, which occurred July

23, 1877. He was never married. Genial and pleasing in his intercourse with others, quiet and laborious as a student, able and well read in his profession, he gave promise of a brilliant and successful career, and his death at so early a period was deeply regretted by all.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

GEORGE KINGSLEY entered our Class as a Sophomore, from Troy, Bradford County, Pennsylvania. He was born July 16, 1831. After graduating he studied law for a short time in Elmira, New York, but soon went to Adrian, Mich., which he reported as his residence in 1856. Here he entered the office of Peter Morey, Esq., and not long afterwards united in partnership with that gentleman, as appears from the *Necrologic Record*, reprinted below. In 1859 he wrote that he had "a new partner, had got into office, and got married." In 1862 he was elected prosecuting attorney of Lenawee county, while he still continued in practice with his partner, Hon. Fernando C. Beaman. He had two sons; the elder was born in 1860, the younger in 1863, if I am correctly informed. He died on the evening of August 30, 1864. I can add nothing further than to say his interest in our membership was constant and unabated, and he was one of the most regular contributors to the Class Letter. His death was considered a public loss, and the bar of his County passed highly eulogistic resolutions in his memory, which were printed in the *Adrian Daily Expositor*, together with the following article, a copy of which was sent me by Mrs. Kingsley. He was hoping to have been present at the Class meeting in 1864, but was seized with his fatal disease, — typhoid fever, — only a few days before he was to have started, and I think he never met us after graduating: —

"MR. KINGSLEY came to this city some ten years since, poor, friendless, and a stranger. He entered the office of Peter Morey, Esq., in which he shortly after became a partner. His studies had been prosecuted in Elmira, New York, whence he came, but he pursued them for some months here, and was admitted to the bar upon the customary examination. At the expiration of about three years, he entered into partnership with Judge Beaman, which has continued to the present time, with the constantly increasing esteem and confidence of both parties to the compact. In 1862, he was elected Prosecuting Attorney of this county, and at the recent Republican County Convention, he was put in nomination for a second term by acclamation.

"Such is the brief public record of a life just opening into vigorous and most promising manhood, suddenly cut short by death. But we should do injustice to the dead if we contented ourselves with the bare statement of facts just given. There was more in him than even this complimentary record of a young man furnishes. A graduate of Williams College, he worked his way through that institution, through the studies preparatory to entering on the practice of his profession, and to the honorable position that he occupied at the time of his decease, by the most persevering energy. His mind was strong and solid, not brilliant. His attainments, once made, became part of himself. Every added acquirement, act of experience, deepened and broadened his mental character, his judgment and intellect. It is easy to see, that with such characteristics, the promise of his future was of the most valuable kind. He would have achieved eminence in his profession, and won and held it by a title of which he might have been justly proud, and which no power could have wrested from him, in time. Alas, that such bright promise is forever blasted!

"But added to his intellectual promise was the less common and priceless character of a strictly upright and honest man. He was governed by the dictates of Christian principle. No one doubted his thorough, rooted integrity of purpose and act. No mean and sordid motives swayed him. He was scrupulously careful to render to every man what was his due, and to discharge the often delicate trusts with which his profession is so frequently charged, with a fidelity that could not have been more complete had the interest been a personal one. This uprightness ran into every action of his daily life, and laid the foundations for a confidence and esteem that could only have broadened and deepened with the acquisition of every new acquaintance and friend. It is this that gives added keenness to the sense of loss. Honest, faithful, upright men are not yet so plenty — when will they ever be, — that any community can *afford* to lose them. Every such man taken away, is a loss to the world the most serious that can be experienced. And such a man, with unusual future promise, was lost when GEORGE KINGSLEY died.

"MR. KINGSLEY leaves a wife and two bright boys, the eldest not yet four years old, to mourn a loss whose depth and extent no words can express."

ABBOTT ELIOT KITTREDGE.

"ABBOTT" wrote me very briefly, answering the questions in the circular; from this and other sources of information, together with former Class Letters, I have made up the following report. It would have been more satisfactory if he had favored us with his autobiography, but in default of this, he must correct the Secretary's errors, if he finds them.

Born at Roxbury, Mass., July 29, 1834, he was the son of Alvah and Mrs. Mehitable (Grozier) Kittredge. His father was a well known and prominent business man in Boston for many years, a

leading officer of the Eliot Church, the first Congregational body founded in Roxbury after the Unitarian defection, and active in all good works until his death, which occurred a short time ago. His mother is still living.

Abbott fitted for College at the Roxbury Latin School, and entered as a Freshman in 1850. Of his College course we have nothing to say, as the Class know about that as well as the Secretary,—it is only the little *escapades* that happened in College days that will bear to be mentioned in a Class Report, and so we will not remind *him* of that famous moonlight ride to “Pittstin,” sometimes known by a different name, of which the last word was “Kitchen”;—“Don’t want to tell the first.”—The eloquence of one who is now a distinguished Senator in Congress, as he addressed those imps of darkness in macaronic style, the jokes of another, now passed over the river, and the congratulations of the *survivors* as they whipped up their horses for a speedy return to the “classic shades” of Old Williams, on their escape, have certainly left their impress on the minds of some who were there if Abbott has forgotten it, and should *his* memory have proved treacherous, far be it from the Secretary to bring up before it anything he ought not to.

After graduating he studied at Andover Theological Seminary, having spent some time previously in reading with Rev. Dr. A. C. Thompson of his native place, and graduated from the Seminary in 1859. He then made a trip to Cuba, and on his return was settled over the Winthrop Congregational Church in Charlestown, Mass., in September, 1859. In 1862 he went abroad for a long journey for his health, visiting the Nile, the Holy Land, &c., and returned in the autumn of 1863. Soon after his return he accepted a call to become pastor of a parish in San Francisco, and went out there immediately. Here he remained until July, 1864, when he returned, and married Miss Margaret Hyde, of Charlestown. His physician then advised him that it would not be prudent for him to return to California. Shortly after, he received a call to settle over a parish in Newark, N. J., and also another to become the successor of Dr. Hovey as a pastor of a church in New York city, which had recently built a fine edifice on 55th Street, (East River side), and the latter he accepted. Here he remained several years, until called to *Chicago, Ill.*, which is his present home, and where he fills a similar position over one of the largest churches in that city. He is also doing a good work for the College there, being I

believe, President of the Society of Williams Alumni in the North West.

His wife, a lady greatly esteemed and beloved by all who knew her, died March 1, 1877, leaving him three daughters; their names and ages being Emma A., 14, Mabel H., 12, and Maggie E., 5. He was present at the last Class meeting, and we have occasionally met during the summer months since; he has changed but little outwardly, though a somewhat heavier man than in College days, and his face lights up with the old cheery smile when he speaks of Classmates and Williams College. He is as fond of music as ever; and though he has ceased to waken the echoes of Kellogg Hall with that melodeon which we all remember in Sophomore days, he knows how to get music out of other people, and his church choir is said to be an excellent one.

CHARLES LANGDON.

CHARLES LANGDON was born in Castleton, Vermont, October 31, 1834, from which town he entered our Class. After graduating he spent a short time in Virginia, and the winter of 1856-7 he passed in Burlington, Iowa, for his health; but returned to Castleton in the autumn of 1858. He studied law, and engaged in practice with our Classmate Taylor at 111 Broadway, New York city, where he reported himself in the winter of 1859-60. He remained in New York until the spring of 1862, when he gave up practice and removed to Rutland, Vt., to engage in the marble business, whence he wrote "he was well, and doing well." While residing here he was married, (November 17, 1863,) to Miss Sarah J. Moreton, and the following year removed to Castleton, continuing in the same business with a brother-in-law as partner. He was present at one of our Class meetings, and called at the office of the Secretary in Boston, when on a visit to that city, a short time before his death, and his personal appearance had changed but little, since graduating. He died December 2, 1871, at Castleton, Vt., aged 37. Of his sickness and death I have been unable to obtain any particulars. He will be remembered as an affable and agreeable companion; he was highly esteemed by his friends, and "was a generous and whole-souled man."

WILLIAM T. R. MARVIN.

THE Class Secretary, as he prepares his own report for publication in the Letter, realizes how much easier and pleasanter it is to write his comments upon and recollections of his associates, than it is to reveal his own short-comings in duty and experiences in life.

Born December 30, 1832, beneath the very shadow of the gilded dome which gave Dr. Holmes the hint on which he named Boston the hub of the universe, and brought up as a Boston boy, it may not be surprising to the rest of you that I always have felt Boston to be an excellent place to live and stay in, though Stoddard, and Seaver, and Scudder, thought otherwise. My father, Theophilus R. Marvin, nearly eighty-five years of age, and my mother, Julia A. C. Marvin, are still living. I fitted for College at the Public Latin School, the oldest educational institution in the country, and entered as a "verdant Freshman" at Williams in 1850.

I cannot remember that I distinguished myself above the rest of the Class,—as you all recollect *I* did not get the Valedictory: this was probably owing to the fact that—but it's useless now to explain *that*. I *did* have a compliment from Dr. Hopkins, and Dr. "Joe," when I first appeared on Chapel stage, for one assured me I had "a good voice, no tone, and the elements of a good speaker," which was very encouraging to me, and the other said something about my gestures, which I have forgotten. It is true that when I went on again, Sophomore year, and heard the same remarks from our beloved "Prex," after speaking "Spartacus" so as to excite some faint applause, which Dr. Alden said was improper in the Chapel, and had not occurred before,—I felt that there was a little want of definiteness if not of sincerity in the compliment, and subsided. Probably the bear that welcomed us as Juniors one Wednesday afternoon,—and was so summarily kicked off the stage, ejected from the building, and lugged back to the L. N. H. rooms in South College by order of Dr. H., with some spicy comments on the transaction, not specially complimentary to the Sophs who brought him there in order "to make a students' bear-garden of the Chapel,"—felt as indifferent to those remarks as some of *us* did, when we heard the criticisms reiterated on our third appearance there. However, my abilities

as a speaker, notwithstanding their early promise, were not recognized when the Senior appointments were awarded, and so, giving up all thoughts of eminence in that direction, after graduation, I began my business life in my father's office, and there I have ever since remained, as most of you know, for twenty years or so the junior partner of the firm of T. R. Marvin & Son, and since my father's increasing age and infirmities have laid him aside from active participation in labor, have been alone. For many years we were at 42 Congress street. In 1870 we removed to 131 Congress street, where I continued with a large and well equipped office, until the great fire of 1872 destroyed it. My insurance was almost entirely in Boston companies, and we had but little left, on settling up our affairs, but promises which were not realized. However, not discouraged, we made a fresh start, my father, then nearly eighty, taking hold with a vigor and perseverance that was surprising, and continuing at the head of affairs till about two years ago. As soon as the "burnt district" was rebuilt, we removed to 49 Federal street, a few steps from our old location, and here we still remain, in the same occupation.

I was married April 17, 1861, to Miss Annie M. Howe, daughter of Mr. George Howe, of Roxbury. She died very suddenly in July, 1870, leaving me with two daughters—Florence and Julia,—and a son named for my father, then only twenty months old. I was then living in Roxbury (a part of Boston); breaking up house-keeping, I returned with my little ones to my father's house. We removed our residence the next spring to Brookline, and remained together until my birth-day, in 1874, when I married my cousin, Miss Mary Ritchie, daughter of Edward S. Ritchie, of Brookline. We have had three children—the eldest, Elizabeth Eliot; the second, John Reginold; and the third, George Ritchie. After two or three years of house-keeping, my father's age led us together again, and we are now one family. These comprise all the facts in my domestic history which the Class will desire to know.

I have dabbled but little in politics; occasionally in the last twenty-five years I have filled some public office, but have generally been glad to get out of it after a short service; for the last five years I have been on the School Committee, which has been a pleasant work. I have held some positions of honor in other directions unnecessary here to specify, and have done considerable editorial work in connection with newspapers and magazines; I

have published a few historical tracts with introductions,—relating to early New England History, and am just now finishing a work on Masonic Medals, a volume of about 300 pages.

My life has passed quietly, with bright sunshine and dark shadows, as is the lot of the race: but among the dearest of its memories are those of Williams and the Class of 'Fifty-four.

EUGENE MATHIVET.

EUGENE MATHIVET entered our Class in Sophomore year. He was born December 2, 1833, in New York; after graduating he studied law and followed Horace Greeley's advice, *going west* to St. Louis, Mo., where he began practice previous to 1858. In the Class Letter of that year he was reported as a married man, but in Durfee's Annals he is put down as unmarried. The latter is probably true, for the last time he wrote, in 1866, comparing the Class Report to a dinner table, he said he "asked no place for wife's or children's plates, spoons, or bibs." But that was long, long ago. He may have grown wiser and happier, for "while the lamp holds out to burn, etc."

Eugene continued his residence in St. Louis until after the outbreak of the war, when business being dull, and surroundings unpleasant, he returned to his father's house near Cleveland, Ohio; as was stated in the Report for 1862. In 1864 he wrote, sending his good wishes to the Class, and saying he was still "on the farm, growing grapes." This is the last report the Secretary has had. He started to attend our Class meeting in 1869, but by a delay of the train reached Williamstown on Commencement day, too late for the meeting, and saw but few of us, as most who were then present left town early. He was then but little changed in personal appearance, and those of us who saw him, received the same cordial grasp and the pleasant word he used to welcome us with in days gone by. Since then we have heard but rarely from him; and only by others of the Class who have met him. He is still in the same business, growing grapes for making wine. The Secretary has heard that his health was not so good as formerly, but hopes the rumor is one of those "suppositions contrary to fact," which Prof. Griffin used to descant upon. Several Circulars have been sent, but no reply received, to our great regret.

JAMES BARTLETT MEACHAM.

WE have wasted a number of circulars and postal cards on "Jim Meacham," with no success. He was born in Williamstown, November 17, 1828, and entered our Class at the beginning of the course. After graduating, he resided for a time in Williamstown, where, as the Class will doubtless remember, he served his fellow citizens in the same proud position which the Secretary occupies—on the Board of School Committee. He studied law, and removed to *Bennington Centre*, Vermont, where he still lives and practices law. He has held the offices of Prosecuting Attorney, Town Agent, and Collector of Taxes, at various times; and at present is Town Juror and Collector of Village Taxes. He has also a fair share of legal business, and frequently appears in the County Courts. He has an excellent wife, and three sons, the eldest about fifteen years old. Mrs. Meacham is a member of the Second Congregational Church of the place, and he is a regular attendant upon the same. He is honest, reliable, and popular. He has never written for the Class Report, or attended any Class meeting. This indifference, however, is only apparent, for "Jim" has not forgotten the good old days any more than we have. For most of the information contained in the preceding paragraph, the Secretary is indebted to the indomitable perseverance and peculiar methods of his associate. For himself he can only say after ineffectual labor, he "flunked," but Grout "has raked an X."

HENRY CLAY MERRITT.

MERRITT sends the following excellent letter, which needs no words of introduction from us:—

KEWANEE, ILL.

CLASSMATES of Old Williams, one and all:—I received and read the Circular with much interest, as it is the only one of the Class movements I have seen or known anything of for several years. What items of a personal nature I have gained, have come mostly from Rev. H. B. Foskett, who once in a while has crossed

my path, and who seemed to be pretty well posted. Of late he has been mostly in California, but is now located at Essex, Page Co., Iowa. I forwarded your circular letter to him.

My own history, in a large sense, has been quite uneventful. I doubt whether another member of the Class has lived in the same house, as I have, without interruption over twenty years. I have never held any office, not even that of a constable. I have never identified myself in any way with the prevailing forms of thought and belief, further than to hold a membership with a Baptist Church. I have traveled into no foreign lands, and always paid my debts, whether legally binding or not. I should, however, be loth to say that I had not kept pace with the news, the notions, and the knowledge of the day, at least in its practical details; but it is astonishing how much of it is tinged with the distilled wisdom we gathered many a day since, from the beloved Mark.

I think I have never met in Illinois any of our Classmates besides Mr. Foskett and Byron Hayes, who did me the pleasure to call on me last spring. I should, however, add that of our religious belligerents Northup and Kittredge, of Chicago. I had the privilege of seeing the latter at the distance of the length of the aisle from me. The sound of their hammers is heard every day, and rings through the land.

In a pecuniary sense, I think my business has been moderately successful, and has done for me all I have a right to expect. It is like a good wife, a good thing to have, and can be made abundantly useful. I have given the germ over to younger and more energetic hands. Besides, the wilderness and prairie is passing away, and I am following more directly the arts of peace. Unless some modern Nimrod should arise and want recruits for wilds yet untrod, I think I shall end my days here where I now sit. In answer to the questions you have outlined for us to follow, I answer, that I was born in Carmel, Putnam County, N. Y., December 4, 1831. My parents' names were Nathan and Eliza Merritt. I fitted for College at Carmel, and Amenia, Dutchess Co., N. Y. I taught school for a year or more after graduation. My business has been, ever since 1856, traveling, buying and selling and shipping poultry and game, mostly the latter, till within a few years past, to Eastern markets, and from Henry Co., Illinois. I was married in 1856. My wife's maiden name was Sarintha E. Moore, living in Kewanee at the time; have two children, both boys, the older Herbert, and the younger Clarence Merritt, of whom the former is now of age.

I would like once more to revisit Williams, and revive the pleasant associations of College days, but I am so far away, and my business seems to demand so much of my time, that I was unable to meet with the Class, and could only send my greeting. My labors have been very arduous for the twenty years just past, but I am now growing into quieter ways, and do not 'always rove.' In the winter of 1878-9 I added general merchandising to my poultry and game business, so my time is employed mostly at home, and all the different branches are so simplified, that the work is by no means wearisome, and my health, which has always been good since I left College, is now first rate. By a careful combination and improvement of patents I have succeeded in keeping perishable articles, at a cheap rate, for almost any length of time, in perfect condition, so that by stocking up in times of a full market, I can unload in seasons of scarcity at large profits, and this class of business has increased so much in my hands that I now have orders for all kinds of game the West furnishes, the year round. Nature, which once kindly gave me a good constitution, has been allowed to keep it for me, and with a proper amount of work added, I hope to pass into the decline of life as well satisfied as though I had sought the 'madding crowd,' and had founded a name for somebody to praise or damn, as interest or caprice should dictate. My pecuniary 'incidentals' are fortified with a good foundation, and I hope the future is assured by all the years of frugality and privation I have been schooled to.

I have not ceased to be interested in all the good things we have learned to cherish at Williams, and have watched with expectation for the ripened fruits that '54 might bring us.

I think this little sketch is all that will be needed for posterity, and will fill out a blank in your leaf that might not otherwise be full. Hoping to hear, as soon as you can, of the living and the lost, I remain ever yours.

MERRIT'S earlier business led him over a large part of the West, and as he once said, he was very much like the ancient augurs, and attentive to the flight of birds. He has the honor of having introduced the first snipe (Wilson's) into that portion of our country, which is now a most lucrative source of traffic in its season, and he could doubtless, if he were asked, shed light on some hitherto unexplained habits of the game birds of the Mississippi Valley.

ELDRIDGE MIX.

WE have the following letter from Dr. Mix, which gives, in a very condensed way, the answer to our Circular, and the main facts in his experience since graduating:—

FIRST CHURCH STUDY, *Orange, N. J.*

My Dear Marvin,—The following are my answers to your circular:—

I was born January 15, 1833, in Atwater, Ohio. My parents were Nathaniel S. Mix and Maria (Talcott) Mix. I fitted at Atwater Academy, and with my pastor, Rev. E. C. Sharp. After graduating, I studied theology at Union Theological Seminary, New York, for two years, and at Andover Theological Seminary for one year, where I graduated in 1860. I received the degree of D.D. from the College of New Jersey, (Princeton) in 1878. I was assistant of Rev. Dr. T. S. Hastings, of the West Presbyterian Church, New York, for one year from October, 1860, and was ordained in December, of that year; I next went, early in 1862, to Burlington, Vt., and was installed, September 4, as pastor of the First Congregational Church in that city, where I remained five years. I have been pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Orange, New Jersey, from October, 1867, till the present time. My wife's maiden name was Susan A. Willard, of Wilton, Conn.; we were married May 1, 1861. We have but one child living, four having died in infancy; three of them were boys. The name of the one living now, 10 years of age, is Grace Eldridge Mix. I have been very happy in my work as a minister, and have been abundantly blessed and prospered. I have seen little of the "shady side," for my lot has been cast among those who have cared for me, and aided me, and made my life happy and useful, far beyond what I had dared to hope when I entered the ministry.

Only three of our Class are near me. Albert Graves, at Springfield, New Jersey; James M. Anderson, at Mattawan, N. J.; and R. B. Snowden, at Brooklyn, N.Y. I believe that it was arranged that we, who were present at Williams last summer, should make up the deficiency in publication of Class Letter. Please let me

know what my proportion is, when the time for payment comes, and I will send you a check for the amount.

Yours very truly.

We can add but very little to this from former Class Reports, which we do to make the record complete. In 1854-1855, after graduating, he was engaged in teaching two terms of twelve weeks each, in Windham, Ohio, and one in Newton Falls, Ohio. A part of the following summer he was a colporter; he then taught two years in Wilton, Conn. He did not report for 1856, but his letter shows he soon began Theological studies in the Union Theological Seminary, from whence he reported in 1858. His own letter gives all other information which we possess.

From the preceding letter the Secretary discovered, after the Report about GRAVES was printed, his present location, but too late to get a reply, or mention it in its proper place.

MARTIN HENRY MOORE.

WE have no direct intelligence from MOORE, to our great regret, for we have heard not only that he has been successful in that noble endeavor to which, as he wrote in the Secretary's Class book, he intended to devote himself,—“to earn an honest living,”—but that he has also something “laid up in store,” for which we all rejoice. From different sources, and from former Class Reports, we compile the following brief outline, regretting that he has not put in with his own hand a few of the lights and shadows, so that we could have a better idea than we now have, of his pilgrimage. If he finds mistakes, don't blame *us*.

He was born in Dummerston, Vermont, March 15, 1829. He entered our Class some time after the close of Freshman year, and the Secretary cannot remember that any breach of College law was ever attributed, even by suspicion, to him. When the Class remember that those who *have not written the Secretary* for this Report, *are the very fellows that were in all the scrapes* (?)—from burning the L—ms in Sophomore year, when Ward of Rochester so gallantly distinguished himself, down to the Senior examination, when that committee put the demonstrations in Conics on the Black-board in lead pencil so skillfully that the Dons on the platform thought they never saw a Class do so

well (!) — it is surprising that MOORE didn't have something to do with some of them. Perhaps he *was* one of the committee on Black-boards; (the Secretary wasn't, for the Class knew very well *he* never learned a demonstration in Conics till a few minutes before he was examined in that study for his degree), I can't be sure on that point, and we will put him down "not guilty, but he musn't do so again."

After graduating he went to Columbus, Ohio, and engaged in teaching. January, 1857, he reported from Waterloo, Iowa, where he had gone into business as a Banker and land agent, and soon after removing there, his oldest boy, or as he wrote in January, 1860, "No. 1 was born January 30, 1858. No. 2, September 12, 1859," and "Kate, the sister of boys 1 and 2, was born June 13, 1861." December 24, 1862, he lost his oldest boy by diphtheria: another son was added to his family December 11, 1863. It is said in one letter that we have received, that his wife, who was a resident of Red Wing, Minnesota, died some years ago, and he has married a second time.

While at Waterloo, he was engaged in the Insurance business, as an agent of certain companies; he also carried on two saw mills, and was quite successful as a lumber merchant. In September, 1864, one of his mills was destroyed by fire. He has held various positions at the hands of his fellow citizens, principally in connection with educational matters. He was School Director for Waterloo, Superintendent of Schools for Black Hawk county, and Chairman of the Board of Supervisors of that county. This is all we have learned with certainty about him. We heard he had removed from Waterloo to *Dubuque*, and this appears to be confirmed by letters from other Classmates, but that is a point we have no definite knowledge of, and we can only mourn at his neglect, and assure him how happy we should have been had he done as well now as in years gone by, in writing for the Class Letter.

HOLLIS READ MURDOCK.

WE had given over in utter despair all hope of hearing from "the Doctor," but just as we were making up the pages from 41 to 50, the following letter was received. It needs no introduction, and we print it as it came, with a little "tail piece." It is dated at *Stillwater, Minn.*, October 16, 1880:—

Dear Friends and Classmates,—I am glad you are stirring up the dilatory for their reports. If your lively circular fails to bring them in, it will be a hopeless case. It has had such an effect on me, that I drop all pending business to send you a hasty reply. In the first place, the statistical information requested by you is as follows:—Hollis R. Murdock, born August 15, 1832, at Gouverneur, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y. Name of father, Hiram Murdock; maiden name of mother, Hannah Sabin; where fitted for College, Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary; studied after graduation, here and there as I could get opportunity; degrees received elsewhere after graduation, not any: but have experienced a good many degrees below zero (Fahrenheit) sometimes; business, Attorney at law and dealer in real estate; married, November 3, 1857, to Sarah A. Rice, of Wegatchie, St. Lawrence County, N. Y.; names and ages of children, Alice R. Murdock, 15 years, and Robert C. Murdock, 13 years. In regard to my personal history since graduation, I have very little to relate. I am glad to be able to say that I have had a pleasant home, plenty of work and reasonable success; have not been much of a politician, but have held a few offices, such as City Attorney, Judge of Probate Court, Member of State Legislature, &c.

In June, 1878, I went abroad with my wife, and spent a year in the principal countries of Europe, and can recommend such a tour as a good investment. You ask us to give as full information as we would like to receive about others of the Class. I am afraid if I should do that, and others responded in like manner, the report would be as voluminous as the American Cyclopaedia. I will tell you what I know about members of the Class in the North West. Tousley is Superintendent of Schools of Minneapolis. We exchange visits with him and his very estimable wife once or twice every year. They also went abroad in June last year, but we only met once, as they were making a hasty tour preliminary to going again for a year or two by and bye. In Minneapolis, when they want a "rattling" speech, they call for Tousley, and always get a good one. He is making some sledge-hammer Republican speeches this fall.

Sam. Whiting is a prosperous merchant at Clearwater in this State. He came with his wife and daughter some six years ago, and made us a very pleasant visit. The years appear to sit lightly on him, and he looks very much as he used to. Doud is a lawyer and banker at Fort Dodge, Iowa. I hear of his continued pros-

perity, but have not seen him now for a number of years. Moore is a large lumber dealer at Dubuque, Iowa. He had some bad luck in business by several large fires, but has maintained his credit, and I think has been quite successful latterly. He comes up this way on business frequently, and I have had some pleasant visits from him. Hayes sent me last year a pretty good account of the Class meeting, and I regretted very much that I was unable to be there. I don't know but some of the boys would have laughed at my sand-papered head, but judging from some photographs I have seen, there would have been others in a similar predicament,—Hank Field for one any way. Well, when you call us together again, may I be there to see.

Very truly yours.

GEORGE WASHINGTON NORTHUP.

WE have received a brief letter from NORTHUP, in reply to our Circular. It is dated *Morgan Park, Ill.*, and is as follows:—

Dear Classmate,—Your circular came to hand this morning. I am gratified at the prospect of receiving the information you suggest in regard to the Class of "'54." The main facts in regard to myself are the following:—I was born in Antwerp, Jefferson County, New York, October 15, 1825. My parents were William and Hannah Northrup. I fitted myself, for the most part. After leaving Williams I studied theology, and graduated from the Rochester Theological Seminary in 1857. I have been engaged twenty-two years in the work of theological education; ten years Professor of Church History in Rochester Theological Seminary; twelve years President, and Professor of Systematic Theology in the Baptist Theological Seminary, Chicago, Ill. I have been honored with the degree of D. D. from the University of Rochester in 1864; and of LL. D. from Kalamazoo College in 1879. Children.—I have four children:—Alice M., age 20; George W., 18; William M., 12; Alfred S., 6.

I cannot help you much in regard to the whereabouts of members of the Class. Several are in Chicago, Ill.—Kittredge, Brust, Dewey. Brown is in Adams, N. Y. Tucker died about 1868; his wife lives in Providence, R. I.; one of his sons graduated this year from Brown University.

Yours truly.

NORTHUP was married November 16, 1857, but has written so rarely for the Class Reports in years gone by, that we can not give the maiden name of the lady. He taught one year after graduating, in Pittsfield, and while residing in Rochester he had charge of a church in that city in addition to his other duties; we can add no further information.

It has always been a matter of doubt with us as to how our Classmate's name should be spelled. In his letter the name of his father is plainly written Northrup, while the Secretary can't make out an r in the last part of the signature. If we are in error we should be glad to correct it for the Quinquennial. *Morgan Park* I understand to be a suburb of Chicago. Foskett was fortunate in having his son under the instruction of so distinguished a Classmate.

JOHN OSTROM.

JOHN OSTROM was born in Watervliet, New York, July 23, 1832. He entered in the spring term of Freshman year. In Senior year he lost his father. After graduating he began the study of Engineering in the Rennselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, N. Y., where he took high rank. In 1857 he started (October 22,) for San Francisco, intending to locate in some enterprising town of California, as a Surveyor and Civil Engineer. He arrived out on the 17th of November, and wrote us a letter giving his first impressions. He was "pleased with the aspect of the country, its towering mountains, its magnificent vallies, its balmy atmosphere, and its shining twenty-dollar gold pieces." He soon went to Grass Valley, Nevada Co., which was his head quarters for some time. In 1863 he constructed a turnpike from White Cloud Gap to Bowman's Ranch, which was a difficult but successful piece of engineering. A full report of this was published in the Nevada Journal of the 14th January subsequent, and the editor said he felt a "commendable pride in giving the able and valuable report of Mr. Ostrom to the public." His post office address was then Nevada, California. The following May he removed to Virginia City, Nevada Territory, continuing in the same profession. He was successful in business, energetic and popular, and was nominated by the Democratic party, with which he always acted,

for various offices for which he was abundantly qualified, but his political friends were not numerous enough to elect him. On the 9th of April, 1866, he went eight miles out from Virginia City to visit some friends. While there he was taken with pneumonia, and died on the 14th (April), having nearly reached the age of thirty-four. He was buried in Virginia City. His partner wrote that "he was much respected, and had not an enemy in the world." Mr. Ostrom was hopefully converted while in college, and united with the College Church.

EDWARD FIELD PARSONS.

EDWARD F. PARSONS was born in Enfield, Conn., November 21, 1833. He entered the Class as a Freshman; he was, as we all remember, distinguished for proficiency in athletics, and especially in the foot-ball games, on West College Campus, he was FACILE PRINCEPS. After graduating, he studied Medicine at Hartford, Conn., where he remained until the spring of 1856. The following year he attended lectures at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, and completed his studies in New York, graduating, if we are correctly informed, at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in that city in 1858. He began practice in New York, where he remained for some time, having an office at 42 University Place. While residing in New York, he was married, in the summer of 1860, and has had one daughter, whose birth was reported by Langdon in the Class Report of 1862. He afterwards resided at 32 West Eleventh Street. In 1866 he was reported as having returned to Enfield, Conn., and we believe he is now living there. He never has written anything for the Class Letter, but was present at the Class Meeting in 1874. If the Secretary *did his whole duty* by PARSONS as he has by BISSELL, and a few others of the silent ones, he would at once begin to disclose the various adventures in which the Curator of the L. N. H. was an active participant.

When a few guileless Freshmen were enticed into the room of Rufus Bell, in the third story of South College, in hopes of getting their Catalogues and seeing their names in print for the first time, Ned was ready to aid in the rescue; but whether he was *inside* or *outside* the door when Prof. Albert arrived, and brought deliver-

ance to the captives, (except Charlie Stoddard, who preferred to come down by the tree rather than by the stairs,) deponent saith not. His melodious flute, in Senior year, was occasionally heard by his neighbors in that same building, and his mechanical skill in the construction of a working model of a steam engine has not been forgotten by the Secretary. Neither has that mystic Society passed from memory, with its secrets more terrible than those of "Bones" at Yale, the Vehm gericht of Germany, or the Sons of Malta of modern times—secrets never penetrated even by Blatchford, the hierophant who concocted the scheme, and never disclosed by those Junior Sophisters, who expected to inaugurate and carry on its plans. Perhaps very few of the Class ever knew of the creation of such a potent body, which was destined by its founder to be the power behind the throne, the "littlest" wheel inside all the other wheels, which should spin the rest at its own sweet will—IF. Its model, if the Secretary remembers right, was one in a higher Class, that fondly supposed its existence was unknown, and which included all the Seniors among the Society men, whose meetings were so secretly planned that nobody (!) ever knew when they were held. This last statement probably comes nearer the actual truth than any of the rest. What a pity, old friend, that you couldn't have shed a little light on this point. Who could have done it better?

FRANCIS BROWN PERKINS.

FRANCIS B. PERKINS was born in Boston, August 7, 1833. His father was Benjamin Perkins, well known as a bookseller for many years in "the Hub," and afterwards as an officer in the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society. Entering College from the Roxbury Latin School, he experienced the delights of Freshman year in that familiar room in the rear of Professor Griffin's, and later, suffering from lameness, he took up his abode in the immediate vicinity of the Freshman Recitation room—where he probably remembers that stern necessity compelled a few of the Class to lock him up one stormy night—an experience we have already alluded to in this Report. However, as Frank has generally written for the Class Letter, and as we are therefore able to trace his course most of the time since graduating, neither the Secretary

nor Grout feel disposed to attribute to him any more violations of College laws than he actually committed; and so we pass on to say—that after leaving College, he taught a short time at the West; then began to study theology at Andover Seminary, and graduated there in 1858.

After leaving the Seminary he took charge of a parish in Dracut, Mass., (near Lowell.) He remained here about one year. January 4, 1860, he married Miss Susan M. Huntington, daughter of Mr. Edward Huntington of Roxbury, and the 15th of February, 1860, he was installed as pastor of a church in Montague, Mass. He suffered considerably from sickness while residing there, and that, perhaps, was the reason why, when he was drafted for service in the war and was accepted, his friends persuaded him, against his inclination, to commute. In 1863, May and June, he was at Camp Parole, Maryland, as an agent of the Christian Commission, which service renewed his desire to participate with the army in its trials and triumphs. In November following he was commissioned Chaplain of the Tenth Massachusetts Regiment, and remained with it till it was mustered out; his last day of service, June 21, 1864, being spent with his regiment, in the neighborhood of Petersburg, in the front line of battle under fire.

September 21, 1864, following, he was installed over the Mather Church, Jamaica Plain, (as the successor of Rev. Dr. A. H. Quint I believe, the Chaplain of the Second Massachusetts Regiment.) He wrote from this place the following winter, that he was happily working, thankful that he had been able to do something for his country in her time of need, and only regretting he could not have served her longer and better. While living in Jamaica Plain, (which is now a part of Boston,) he lost his little girl, Sarah H. Perkins, who was born August 24, 1862, at Montague. He resigned his charge in the summer of 1870, from ill health; of his subsequent movements I cannot give exact information. He was for a time engaged in the service of the American Tract Society, in Boston, presenting, as occasion offered, its claims on the churches; and later, went to the West, taking a parish in Sonoma, California, if we are rightly informed. In the summer of 1880, he accepted a call to Stockbridge, Mass., and in October, 1880, he began work with that historic church. Letters to his former address at the West, and later ones sent to Stockbridge, have failed to bring any reply, probably because they failed to reach him. Since leaving his charge at Jamaica Plain, he has met the great sorrow

of losing his wife—a most lovely and earnest Christian woman. I think he is now alone and without children, but have no later intelligence concerning his movements than that given above.

JAMES LOTHROP RICE.

JAMES L. RICE was born February 26, 1832, in Detroit, Mich. His parents were Leavins and Betsey Wight Rice, both from Worcester County, Massachusetts. He prepared for College at Phillips Andover Academy, and entered our Class at the beginning of the course, taking, as we all remember, at the very outset, a high rank as a scholar. After graduating, he studied law in the office of Lothrop & Duffield, Detroit, and was also a year in the Harvard Law School at Cambridge, but did not take a degree there. June 19, 1879, on being notified of the approaching Class Meeting, he wrote from Keokuk, Iowa, the following brief letter, yet full of Class spirit.

KEOKUK, Iowa, June 19, 1879.

It will not be possible for me to be present at Commencement. I very much regret that I cannot, as I have never attended any of these meetings, and have seen but very few members of the Class since graduation. Your reunion will, I know, be a pleasant one, and will revive many cherished recollections. The twenty-five years which have elapsed since we graduated have of course wrought great changes in us, but I venture to say that we have all carried with us through that period memories of many incidents and events of our College days which we would not part with, and which will remain to the last. I should consider it a fortunate event in my life to meet again the remaining members of the Class of '54, gathered together on the old grounds after so many years of separation. I hope you will have a full gathering and a good time.

Very truly yours,

J. L. RICE.

What was our surprise to hear only a few weeks after Commencement, of his sudden death. His sister, Mrs. Stanley G. Wight, of Detroit, has most kindly sent the Secretary the following letter, which gives a very full account of his life after his graduation.

DETROIT, April 3, 1880.

I have learned through Mr. Field of Canandaigua, that you are preparing your College Class Letter for this year, and I have felt that I would like to close the record for my brother, James L. Rice. He died of typhoid dysentery, at Keokuk, Iowa, August 21, 1879, and was buried in Elmwood Cemetery, at Detroit, on the 25th of the same month. It is of course known to all his friends that he went to Keokuk in the spring of 1857, where he continued in the practice of law until the time of his death. He was never married. His health had not been good for several years, but had been greatly improved by a trip to Europe the year before he was attacked with his fatal illness. I cannot do better than to give extracts from the papers at the time of his death.

At a meeting of the members of the bar it was said: "We are especially called to mourn the loss of one who had endeared himself to us in all our intercourse with him, for his refined courtesy, his uniform kindness, his literary culture, his social gifts, and his manly virtues. We cannot but bear testimony to the varied and accurate learning, the high skill, the patient labor, and the practiced knowledge which distinguished him in his profession; that above all, his nice sense of professional propriety, his modest and unassuming demeanor, his conscientious discharge of every duty, his care and caution as an adviser, and his constant idea of what was just in the many judgments he was often called to render, afford us an example to be admired, cherished, and imitated."

Among the kind things Judge Love of Keokuk said: "He had been a man of gentleness, learning, and purity of character, and while he had not attracted the applause of the public, he had nevertheless attained a high degree of success in his profession; that one reason why he did not achieve more of what the world calls success, was his lack of boldness. His extreme sensibility and modesty unfitted him for the rough contact with life. He was a man universally esteemed, not only for his social qualities, but for his great learning and sterling integrity."

Some friend in the paper of an adjoining city said: "The history of his twenty-two years of life in Keokuk is full of pleasant memories. A lawyer of rare ability, a gentleman of most elegant culture, a warm-hearted, honest, manly man, his loss will be keenly felt by the bar and people. The old Chi Psi Badge is really in mourning now, for no man who ever wore it honored it more than

he. And this, his friend, will never see him again. Oh, how long and hard a word that word *never* is!"

There have been such varying statements in the papers in regard to the bequests in my brother's Will, that you will excuse me for saying that pecuniarily he had been quite successful in his profession. He left me an independent income; \$10,000 to the Keokuk Library Association, \$5,000 to Williams College, the income to be used for an annual prize or prizes for excellence in scholarship in the Latin and Greek languages, and \$1,000 to the building fund of the Episcopal Church in Keokuk.

Since the year 1851, my brother had kept a scrap-book, in which records of Williams College bear a prominent part. The last entry in the book in February, 1879, about the time of his last birthday, was a poem so touching, that I cannot refrain from giving it.

EVERY YEAR.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

The spring has less of brightness
Every year,
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness
Every year.
Nor do summer flowers quicken,
Nor autumn fruitage thicken
As they once did, for they sicken
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder
Every year;
As the heart and soul grow older
Every year.
I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended
Every year;
Of the charms of friendship ended
Every year;
Of the ties that still might bind me,
Until time to death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces
Every year,
As the loved leave vacant places
Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us
And to come to them entreat us
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,
"Every year."
You are more alone," they tell us,
"Every year."
You can win no new affection,
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year."

Yes! the shores of life are shifting
 Every year,
 And we are seaward drifting
 Every year;
 Old places, changing, fret us;
 The living more forget us,
 There are fewer to regret us
 Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
 Every year,
 And its morning star climbs higher
 Every year;
 Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
 And the heavy burdens lighter,
 And the dawn immortal brighter
 Every year.

I hope I have not trespassed too much upon your time and space. In looking over my brother's papers, I find myself very much interested in your Class and College, it so evidently held a strong place in his mind and heart.

Very truly yours,

MRS. STANLEY G. WIGHT.

We can add nothing to the tributes of his friends, beyond our testimony to their truthful appreciation of his character. He was one of our most loyal men; he wrote in the Class Report for 1861: "Let us ever aim to preserve that 'union of heart' which we pledged to each other on Class-day, as we gathered together on East College Green, and closed our last meeting with a 'three times three' for the Class of '54. I confess that my own Class feeling grows stronger and stronger, as the years go by, and I never met with any memorial of College life without the sincerest pleasure, and without its reviving many agreeable associations. Thus may it ever be, and may it be long before our number is again broken by death, or the recollections of those four years begin to wane."

His loyalty to the Union was no less true. In July, 1861, he participated in an engagement at Athens, Mo., "fighting for the flag." He was unable to attend the Class Meeting in 1864, but was in Williamstown in October, 1865, and his letter in the Report for the following year shows his unabated interest in *Alma Mater*. His memory will ever be green in the hearts of his Classmates.

FRANCIS LE BARRON ROBBINS.

FRANK L. ROBBINS was born in Brockport, New York, May 1, 1830. He was a nephew of the venerable Dr. Robbins of the second Class which graduated at Williams, and paid the old gentleman a visit during Sophomore year, the memories of which have not passed away from Frank's mind, any more than they have from the Class recollections. Frank has not written the Secretary, and we make up our record of old times and later years from the Class Reports and such other knowledge as we possess. Without going back to his experiences at the famous "Mansion House," his adventures with "Tite Deming," and other reminiscences of the past, the contemplation of which doubtless rejoices his heart, we have learned that after graduating, he went West, as so many others did, and was first reported as engaged in teaching in Illinois, — just where, I have not ascertained. He then began the study of theology at Auburn Seminary, and graduated there, I think, in 1858. We next heard of him as preaching in Cincinnati, Ohio.

In 1860 he became pastor of the Girard Avenue Presbyterian Church, in Philadelphia, and resided at 834 North Broad Street. In 1865 he was actively engaged in building a new church for a branch of that Society, some eight or ten blocks north of its edifice; this building he successfully carried forward to completion, raising a large portion of the funds for its erection—the cost being upwards of \$100,000. He afterwards became pastor of the new parish, which is called the Broad Street Presbyterian Church, and here he still remains, one of the most popular clergymen in his denomination in that city. He has been honored with the degree of D. D. from Union College (in 1878), and has seen his work prospering in his hands. He is, we believe, unmarried. He has sent nothing but a newspaper to the Secretary, though the latter has often and urgently written him—but the Secretary is merciful. One Classmate writes that his church has been burned and rebuilt, but we have no particulars.

EPHRAIM PETER ROBERTS.

E. P. ROBERTS was born October 23, 1825, at Dorset, Vermont. Immediately after graduating he began the study of theology at Bangor Seminary, and was ordained as a missionary of the Ameri-

can Board, July 28, 1857, Pres. Hopkins preaching his ordination sermon. He married Miss Myra H. Farrington, of Holden, Me., September 6, and sailed from Boston, October 30, in the same year, in the ship *Eliza and Ella*, for Honolulu, on his way to join the Micronesian mission. He arrived out March 8, 1858, and proceeded to Ascension Island (Ponape), taking up his residence at Shalong Point, and the Class Report for 1861 had a very interesting letter from him. August 13, 1861, he returned to the Sandwich Islands with his family, and from thence went to Oregon. Here he remained, without letting us hear a word from him, until Grout succeeded in finding his address, and as a result of those same tactics which proved so efficient in waking up other members of the Class, to our great satisfaction elicited the following letter from him. He is engaged in farming, to some extent, and sheep husbandry, at "*The Dalles, Wasco County, Oregon*," as appears from his letter.

My dear Classmate Grout:-- When I received yours of August 19th, just four months ago, the purpose was fully formed to answer at once, but the "thief" has managed to get between the purpose and the beginning of the act. I think you can hardly realize how glad I was to get so welcome a letter from a Classmate whom I greatly respect and love. Twenty-five years, one-fourth of a century has passed since we left our "Alma Mater," with so many hopes and aspirations swelling our bosoms, each reaching out for the laurel, and expecting, as our lamented Taft used to say, to be "a candidate," if not for the valedictory, for a crown. But, alas! how many of those bright hopes have been blasted! How few of our ideals, "castles," have been realized! No period of life has been oftener in my thoughts than the small fraction at Williams College. How often in my mental visions, awake and asleep, have I gone over those Class exercises, Class meetings, both religious and secular, listening with a zest amounting almost to a reality, to the jolly Taft, the eloquent Dewey, Rice, Seaver and others, the energetic, whole-souled Stoddard, the gymnast of the Class and College, the lovely and lovable Axtell, the eccentric Hance, and others of marked peculiarities, sixty-two in all.

Since leaving College I have known but very little of the personal history of each. Indeed, for the past twenty years have had no direct knowledge of any except as I have gathered from public papers, until your kind and welcome letter came to hand. "Can

you not v. . . .” Most certainly I will. And you want personal history; but where to begin? Can only say as a whole, “In *many things* I have offended, and in *all* come short of the glory of God.” I have been in Oregon, now, eighteen years, part of the time teaching, part farming, and am now carrying on sheep husbandry. Acting as first officer in the Congregational Church at The Dalles, Oregon. By request of Dr. Atkinson, Superintendent of Missions for the Northwest, I go to a little church eight miles from home, and expect to go twenty miles down the Columbia River once a month, after the winter is over, that there be no danger of the river freezing. We have four sons and four daughters. The oldest son and daughter are at the State University at Eugene City in this State. Four others are attending the public schools of The Dalles,—graded and efficient. Wife sits in front of me, in grace and beauty like the New England matron, whom I shall be very glad to introduce to any of my Classmates who may come to our adopted State.

Affectionately and truly your Classmate.

JARVIS ROCKWELL.

JARVIS ROCKWELL writes the following from *North Adams, Mass.*, to the Secretary.

DEAR FRIEND AND CLASSMATE:—Your Circular was duly received. I give the following facts in answer to your inquiries.

I was born in Peru, in Berkshire County, March 18, 1829. My parents were Elisha Rockwell and Cynthia S. Rockwell. I prepared for College at Hinsdale Academy, then under the charge of I. N. Lincoln, who, before the close of our College course, was appointed Professor of Latin at Williams. After graduating, I taught school at North Adams, and then at Pittsfield; studied law at Pittsfield; practiced my profession a short time at Hinsdale, and then removed to North Adams, where I have since lived.

Am I married? I think I am. My wife's maiden name was Mary E. Chapin; her residence was North Adams. She still resides at the same place and under the same roof. Two olive plants—I had almost said *trees*—are around my table; Joseph C., 17, and Herbert D., 14 years of age. In 1870, I was appointed

Justice of the District Court of Northern Berkshire, which office I now hold. In money matters I have experienced a fair degree of prosperity. I have had money, and like many others, have lost it. The bulk of my fortune is yet in other people's hands. I am a member of the Methodist Church, and am striving above and beyond all other things to follow the teachings of our divine Master.

Truly yours.

We have but little to add to what our Valedictorian says of himself. He has represented the town of Hinsdale in the "Great and General Court" of Massachusetts, when he was Chairman, I believe, of the Committee on the Judiciary, one of the most important Legislative Committees. He has, as in duty bound, been a pretty regular attendant at Commencement, and was Chairman of our last Class Meeting.

EVARTS SCUDDER.

Like quite a number of others, our Classmate has written only a brief letter, which I print below, and supplement with some few additional facts, gleaned from previous Class Reports, etc.

GREAT BARRINGTON, Mass.

DEAR "BILL":—I shall be glad to get the Class Letter, and therefore will try to recollect some of the facts and acts of my life since graduating, or being graduated. (Will you please decide which form of that verb is correct.)* I believe that my birth-place was burnt out at the big Boston fire, and I have lived so long that I can scarcely remember my beginning. My preparation for College was made in Boston and in Roxbury. I entered Harvard at the same time you entered Williams, and after two years entered your Class, and never regretted the change.

I studied in Andover after graduation, and was first settled as pastor of a Congregational Church in Kent, Conn., where I remained about eight years, and then came to this place, where I now am. I have one son, who is in Yale College, which he preferred because his classmates entered there. I am sorry that I cannot give you any information of those you ask about, and hope that you will hear from them. I have no startling news or

* De gustibus non disputandum.—*Sec'ry.*

interesting facts to give you ; but I am certain that you will write an interesting letter. Do not leave yourself out of it, and if you are too modest, ask Grout to write that part. Believe me yours with pleasant recollections.

SCUDDER was born in Boston, January 3, 1833. His father, Charles, was a well known business man, and for many years a prominent officer in a Congregational Church in that city. Evarts passed a little time in preparation at the Boston Latin School, and completed his fitting at the Roxbury Latin School; entering the Class after two years at Harvard. He graduated from Andover in 1858, and was settled at Kent, Ct., in June, 1859. He was married, Thursday, October 13, 1859, to Miss Sarah P. Lamson, of Andover, Mass., by the Rev. Prof. Phelps, and his son Charles was born August 7, 1860. In 1864 he passed a few months in travel abroad ; in consequence of some trouble with his eyes—perhaps a remainder of his *ivy* poison in College—he was not able to devote himself for a while so closely as he desired. About 1867, if I am correctly informed, he went to Great Barrington, in Berkshire County, where he still remains, a beloved and influential pastor. The latter fact the Secretary states on his own knowledge.

NORMAN SEAVER.

We have the pleasure of printing the following letter from SEAVER, which has the old-time ring about it, and suggests a *ring* of somewhat different character. The question before the next Class meeting bids fair to be, Who is the Class Champion?—for if the Secretary's memory serves him, that was one of the honors the Faculty neglected to award, though we had a Missionary Oration and some others never before or since conferred. I beg leave to nominate GROUT, whose success in bringing men up to "the scratch" has been wonderful in this Class Letter.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

DEAR CLASSMATES:—Your circular has reached me. First: I will answer the questions put. Birth:—Born at Boston, April 23, 1834. Parents:—Norman Seaver and Anna M. Lawrence. Fitting School:—Boston Public Latin School. Studies after

Graduation:—Law office; Andover Seminary. Degrees received: A. M., 1857, Williams; D. D., 1863, Middlebury; A. S. S., *Foro Conscientiæ*, 1880. Occupation:—1854 to 1857, Law; 1857 to the present time, Divinity. Place of labor:—Boston, '54 to '57; Rutland, Vt., '60 to '68; Brooklyn, N. Y., '68 to '77; Syracuse, N. Y., '77 to the present time. Name of wife:—Emeline Ruth Daniels, of Rutland, Vt. Children:—None.

I have thus answered the formal questions upon the principle of business first and pleasure afterward; a principle illustrated and applied by one of our college mates, (I shall mention no names,) who, when his more youthful and erring chum introduced a surreptitious bottle into the sacred precincts of Kellogg Hall, used, *first to lick* and then expel for a season the *prodigal*; and *then*, with barred doors, to *confiscate* into the interior of his physical man the fluid contraband.

In my quiet life there have been *no events*. I have never been without work that taxed all my powers, nor without appreciation far outrunning my merits. As in the College, so in the world, I have been borne along by the current of events and the *kindnesses of friends, beyond my deserts*. For the most part the sunshine has been tropical and the sky serene. Of course it cannot always be thus. Some far nobler men than I am, have had a stormy voyage since leaving old Williams-port! but theirs may be the sunny afternoon, while I may pass into the tempest. But to us both may there be the glad after-shine and the light at evening-time.

A fortnight ago I lectured in Brooklyn, N. Y. At the close of the lecture, among quite a throng of lawyers and ministers who came forward to greet me, I saw one venerable, white-haired gentleman, who came to me, pressed my hand, whispered the name Snowden, and vanished before I could inquire further. Beyond doubt it was the veritable Bayard. I was in Morristown, N. J., and called on John Edward Taylor. It was nine in the morning, a bright sunshiny day, but Ned, true to his early principles, was not *up yet*. I returned, and found Edward, fresh from his bath and breakfast. I attempted to pass myself off as a book-agent. But in the midst of my lingo, I saw his attention waver, his face grow blank, then gleam with the light of other days, while from his lips burst my name. I had not seen him for *twenty-six* years. Time has dealt very gently with him, who was always himself the *perfect gentleman*.

Delos Wells I have seen within a year or two. His address is Fulton, Illinois, where he is filling an important and useful position as a preacher to a Presbyterian Church. He is unchanged: his hair as black, his cheeks as pink, his eye as handsome as ever.

In answer to *question* I say:—I have *no sandbag* in my gymnasium now. I have not forgotten, however, the fistic art. Four years ago, while in a private sparring room in New York, a *professional* was knocking me around the room for the compensation of a dollar an hour, I saw a burly, white-coated gentleman, weight 230 pounds, looking on with great interest. It proved to be the illustrious *Whitehead*. He remarked, with something of the air of an expert, that I seemed to be in better “form” and quite as “sound in wind and limb” as when, third-term Freshman, I was wont to concuss the walls of West College with his head and *OPPIE’S*, as I used to pay them pugilistic attention. I was always a little “daft” you know, on physical culture, the Lord having endowed me with more muscle than brain. Pardon, therefore, the suggestion, but it seems to me that it would give, what the painters in their slang call “*tone and color*” to the occasion, if at the next re-union of the Class, upon the grassy ring I should encounter surviving and present members, and engage them, one down and another come,—the *defeated majority* to pay for the supper. Of course *with gloves*, and in good humor. I have in me an immense amount of *Class feeling*, and should *love dearly* to “*whang*” the boys, *once more*.

I cast a professional glance upon Ned Taylor, when I saw him. Ned is well preserved, not “gone to seed,” not “soft and crumbey,” yet I think it is within the *resources of science*, as *possessed* by my *humble self*, to “*DOUBLE UP*” EDWARD. Let me suggest this as a feature of our future Class meetings, and I will promise faithfully to attend, until the mightiest pugilist of all knocks me out of time and sends me to grass.

I cannot, my dear old chum, but admire your public spirit, perennial as the goodness of your heart. Please find in this very prolix letter, a shorter note that may help a little in the pecuniary burden of your enterprise. With warmest love to yourself and all the Class, I am,

Yours cordially.

ROBERT BAYARD SNOWDEN.

FROM SNOWDEN we have a full report, which is as following:—

81 ST. MARK'S PLACE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

I was born in the city of New York, November 21, 1833. My father, who is still living at the age of seventy-eight years, is Arthur Henry Snowden, of an old and well known Philadelphia family. His father was the Rev. Samuel Finley Snowden, a graduate of Princeton College, and valedictorian in his Class. My mother, who died October 8, 1880, at the age of seventy-six, was Laurentini A. Bogardus, daughter of General Robert Bogardus of New York, who commanded the defences of New York in the war of 1812, and was a leading member of the bar until his death in 1842. I fitted for College at a private school here in Brooklyn, and at the Cornelius Institute, New York.

After graduation, I entered the Union Theological Seminary, leaving it in the spring of 1855 to take charge of Lenox Academy in place of our Classmate Aspinwall, whose health had failed. After teaching at Lenox between one and two years, I re-entered the Seminary, where I was graduated in 1859. In the vacation I did missionary work in Northern Vermont and on the island of Mt. Desert, Maine. As to degrees, I took the M. A. at Williams, after three years, and received that of B. D. at Union Seminary upon graduation. Before finishing my theological course, and for some months after, I was in charge of the Presbyterian Church in Hughsonville, town of Fishkill, on the Hudson river, but my eyes being badly affected by over-work, by advice of a physician I spent two months traveling on horseback. I went by rail to Peacham, Vt., bought a horse there, and rode leisurely through Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut to New York, staying over two weeks at Rochester, Vt., and preaching there, and one Sunday at Williamstown, where I preached in the morning, and our Classmate Scudder, who was on his bridal trip, officiated in the afternoon. That was in the old church on the hill, October, 1859, and it was the last time I was in that ancient edifice.

During the following winter I remained at home at Washington Heights, New York City, and in the Spring of 1860 removed with my parents to South Norwalk, Ct., where they have since resided. In April, 1861, I became minister over the Congregational Church in Montville, Conn., resigning the charge in 1863. During the

summer of that year I preached at Mystic Bridge, Ct., and during the following year taught at Norwalk. In the summer of 1864 I assumed charge of the Congregational Church in Ludlow, Vt., where I became acquainted with Miss Lydia Pierce, whom I married on the 25th of April, 1865. She is the daughter of Alvah Warren Pierce, of Londonderry, Vt., the family being connected with that of ex-President Franklin Pierce. Dr. Grout will remember the wedding ceremonies.

At this time I accepted a call to Nevada City, California, sailing from New York by way of the Isthmus, May 16th, 1865. From Nevada I was called, in July, 1867, to Redwood City, near San Francisco. In the summer of 1869, in company with five other clergymen, I made a three weeks' camping excursion to the Yosemite Valley, then just beginning to be a resort. On my return from this trip I was invited to spend a year at the Sandwich Islands, in charge of the church at Honolulu, whose minister, the Rev. Dr. S. C. Damon, had started for a visit to Europe and Palestine. Before returning to the Pacific Coast my wife and I spent a month in travel amongst the islands, and visited the great active volcano Kilauea on the island of Hawaii, into the crater of which we made a descent.

Shortly after returning to San Francisco, I moved with my family, by the overland railroad, to the East, in the summer of 1870. In April, 1871, I took temporary charge of my former parish in Montville, Ct., and in the autumn of 1872 was called to Darien, Ct. This charge I resigned in the Spring of 1875, to take up my residence in Brooklyn. Having been brought up, while in childhood, in the Episcopal Church, I had long been restive under the uncongenial methods of Congregationalism, and now I took the only favorable opportunity I had had to transfer my ecclesiastical relations. I applied for orders in the Church, and in the mean time was occupied in conducting St. Alban's Hall, a private school of high rank, of which I am still proprietor. In addition to this educational work, I have been rector, since the summer of 1876, of St. John's Church, Fort Hamilton, a parish nearly fifty years old, reached in three-quarters of an hour from my residence. The work there is growing steadily in importance and interest. The building is now the oldest Episcopal Church edifice in King's County, yet in excellent condition.

What chinks of spare time I have are filled up with writing for the newspaper press, part of which is remunerative. I am a

member of the Long Island Historical Society, the most dignified learned institution in Brooklyn.

I have seven children, of whom one is in heaven. Their names, &c., are:—Mary Morse, born February 17, 1866, at Nevada City, Cal.; Willard, born at Redwood City, Cal., April 7th, 1868; Laura Haunani, born at South Norwalk, Ct., December 19, 1870; Lillian Persis, born at Montville, Ct., September 11, 1872; Edith Atwood, born at Ludlow, Vt., August 26, 1873; Evelyn Salisbury, born in Brooklyn, January 25, 1875; and Cora Bayard, born October 27, 1880. She is probably the youngest scion of the Class. Edith was taken from us when nearly two years old.

Forty-six years of age now, with this young family around me, I feel as if I had only just got into my life-work. I have done nothing yet worth relating. It has been very pleasant and stimulating to attend the College Commencements, at the last two of which I have been present. It is more agreeable to me to note the improvements made, and anticipate the greater progress to come, than to recall things in our day, which to me were not altogether pleasant. I was greatly straitened for funds, and very sensitive to the personal reflections of Classmates.

I would like to give you information of Classmates, but cannot, for I never meet any but Stoddard, of whom you are well informed. At Manchester, Vt., a few weeks ago, I saw a brother of our lamented Ames, and heard the highest praise of the doctor from many who had known him in that town. You ask us to speak freely about ourselves, and you see I have done so; I will only add that I am about as *lean* as when in College, am very bald, or, as Charlie Bliss would say, part my hair in the middle with a very wide part. My moustache and whiskers are gray, but the fringe of hair around my head is but slightly silvered. I am in very good health, and enjoy my work.

Yours very truly.

CHARLES STODDARD.

NEW YORK, November, 1880.

MY DEAR MARVIN:—I fill up, below, replies to your questions. Date and place of birth:—May 28, 1833, Boston, Mass. Parents' names:—Charles Stoddard, Mary A. Noble. Fitted:—At the Boston Latin School. Studied after graduation:—In Edinburgh,

one year, and in Union Theological Seminary, New York city, three years. Received the degree of D. D. at Williams in 1871. Occupation:—Clergyman, and editor of the New York Observer. Residence, New York city, (no changes.) The maiden name of my wife was Mary E. Prime, of New York city. Children, names and ages:—Charles Prime Leslie, died 1866, aged 5 years; Ethel J., aged 16 years; Irene, aged 13 years; Samuel J., died 1871, aged 1 year; Julia J., aged 5 years.

In addition, I would say that after graduating, I taught in Phillips Academy; that I have been settled over one church in New York nearly twenty-two years, and am the oldest settled Presbyterian pastor over the same church, in the city, and only two pastors have a longer ministry here. I have been abroad several times, and have visited all the countries of Europe and the Mediterranean Orient. Since the year 1879 I have been assistant and associate editor on the New York Observer, and since 1873, have been an owner of the paper, of which I am now the manager. The time that I am able to give to charitable work, is bestowed exclusively upon the New York Institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, the largest one of the kind in the world. I am a Director and chairman of the Executive Committee. The Lord has given me good health and a reasonable degree of prosperity, and I have reason to thank Him for these, and also that He guided me to Williams College for my education and gave me such excellent companions in the Class of 1854.

Sincerely.

JACOB HURD STRONG.

The Secretary has received a full report from STRONG, dated at Pescadero, San Mateo County, California; and GROUT has also had a letter, with some additional information. These are combined below, which explains any want of consecutiveness, should such be noticed in the letters. He writes:—

I was born at Middle Haddam, town of Haddam, Conn., December 26, 1828. My parents' names were Anson Strong, and Clarissa (Hurd) Strong. I fitted at Monson Academy, Mass.

Studied, after graduation, at "Theological Institute of Connecticut," now at Hartford, Ct.; at that time located at East Windsor Hill, Ct. "Degrees elsewhere."—None. "Occupation."—Minister of the gospel; twelve years pastor in Connecticut; came to California in the fall of '69; have continued in this State till the present time, nearly eleven years; have preached continuously, mostly in one field as settled pastor, except one year, when I taught a classical school in Santa Cruz; my pastorate was at Soquel, near that city. After teaching at Santa Cruz, I founded a church at Ferndale, Humboldt Co., Cal. This was four years ago; after continuing there two years and a half, on account of my wife's ill-health I removed to Oakland, Cal., where my family still are; but I hope to remove them to my present location, soon.

I was married, July 17th, 1867, to Laura Frances Walker, of Vernon, Ct. Our children are:—Frederick Anson, age, 22 years; second, Theodore Pomeroy, age 20; third, Almira Frances, age 17; fourth, Fannie May, age 4.

You remember it was my purpose to go as a Foreign Missionary. I received an appointment from the American Board; but on account of my wife's delicate constitution, did not go. I have had great satisfaction in laboring in the Home field, since I came to California.

This State is mostly a home missionary field, and I have had the satisfaction of being associated in the great work of saving it for Christ, and of Christianizing it, we hope, for the generations to come.

You ask for information about others. It has been many years since I have seen a Class Letter, and I have not known much of late about the members of our Class. I learned something from Brother Tuthill, late of Martinez, in this State. I visited him and his delightful family a few months ago. He had then ceased preaching on account of ill-health. I spent the Sabbath, and preached, having the pleasure of his presence in the congregation. I have also met with Brother Perkins, late of Sonoma, since his sore bereavement in the death of his wife. I meet with Dr. Mooar frequently, who was senior when we entered College, you remember, and valedictorian of his Class. He is one of the Professors in our Theological Seminary, as doubtless you know, and pastor of the church near by. He is a most valuable man for the Christian work at large in this State; one of the pillars of Christian strength and excellence upon whom the work has leaned

for these years. J. T. Ford, of the same Class, is in the Southern part of the State. I have not met with him. He is a valuable man, and doing a good work. I have seen his only son, a child, in San Francisco.

God has never forsaken me, though great shadows have been lifted upon my path-way. My faith grows more simple, the Saviour more precious, and the great Father is nigher to me than ever. I hope for the peace and prosperity of the Class, and their holy meetness for the final reward.

Truly, your friend and Classmate.

STRONG was settled in December, 1857, at New Preston, Conn., and remained in charge of that parish about four years and a half. He was then for a short time at Vernon Depot, and his next settlement was at Oxford, Conn., in February, 1863, fourteen miles from New Haven, remaining there till July, 1865. In the autumn of that year he took charge of a parish in Torrington, Conn. Just how long he remained there I am not able to say, but the next four years he continued in Connecticut, going to California in the fall of 1869. His subsequent history he gives above.

HORACE HORATIO TAFT.

Our Classmate TAFT was born June 12, 1826, in Montague, Mass. He entered the Class at the beginning of the course, and was always distinguished for his loyalty. None of those who passed the Freshman year with us can have forgotten his genial ways, his hearty sympathy with Class plans, his appearance on the night of our first masquerade in front of the old Union House, his disguise (?) at the Sophomore burial of Euclid, or his Marshal's Treat, with "SAM. WHITING," near the close of the course.

Soon after graduating he went South, and engaged in teaching, most of the time in or near Montgomery, Alabama, if I am correctly informed. His health was not firm, and for a time he gave up the profession, and was at home on a visit in the summer of 1858, when he attended Commencement, but never reported his locality or plans for the Class Letter. In the Report for 1861, a

letter from ASPINWALL gave us the only information concerning him we ever received, and announced his death on the night of January 30, 1861; this we reprint as follows:—

“For some fifteen months he had been steadily sinking. A severe illness of one week, and the golden cord was broken. The work which we saw commenced when we were with him in College has reached its final completion. TAFT died in the confident hope of a blessed immortality. You recollect, probably, how changed he was when he came back to College the first Term of our Junior year. Long before this he hoped that he was Christian, but how much was he then changed. It was as it were a second conversion. From that time on, his character seemed to soften and to ripen for heaven, and now he has gone from us.”

His brief record in the Class Reports gave very few facts in regard to his life. He left a widow, Mrs. S. Amelia Taft, whose address we have not obtained.

JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR.

WE had despaired of getting any intelligence in regard to TAYLOR, but the long delay in issuing the Class Letter has had some good results in bringing us news of three or four of our members, and among them, the Secretary rejoices to include his name. He has never written us very many particulars, though quite regularly, and the Circulars seemed to have failed to reach him; but his letter is printed below, and some few personal items precede it.

He was born June 20, 1834, in Brooklyn, N. Y. He entered Williams from the corresponding Class at Columbia, and after graduation, studied law in the office of C. M. Black, Esq., 39 Williams St., New York. He was in practice in that city, at 110 Broadway, for some years. In the fall of 1860 he visited Europe, and met our beloved President Hopkins in Paris. He was absent about a year, and on his return opened an office at 43 Wall Street, and later at No. 7, the same street, and his last report previous to this made his home in *Morristown*, New Jersey, (where it will be seen he still resides,) and his office in Nassau Street, New York.

The latter I believe he has relinquished, with the practice of his profession in New York.

He writes briefly as follows:—

MORRISTOWN, N. J., October 28, 1880.

MY DEAR MARVIN,—Charley Stoddard writes me that you are writing a Class Letter, and would like to hear from me. My tale is an uneventful one and soon told. I have lived since graduating, in this pretty town. I have always been a Republican, and taken an interest in affairs. Have been in the Common Council, and helped to build "The Morristown Library and Lyceum," which we think an ornament to this part of the State.

With kind regards, I am yours truly.

ORSON VAN BUREN TOUSLEY.

TOUSLEY entered College late in the course, coming from Albion, N. Y. He was born September 11, 1833, but further particulars as to his life before entering have not been supplied. After graduating he devoted himself to teaching, and in this profession he has ever since continued. He has never written the Secretary, and had it not been for GROUT's methods, we should not have had anything from him. We heard about him in 1866, and it then appeared that he had been at the West and South, — in Memphis for a while, before the war, — and RICE, who brought us news from him then, remarked that our "Alexander," as he was styled in the Marshal's Treat under Meacham's maples, "deserved a severe Phillipic for his indifference to the memories of '54." How many of the Class remember ANDERSON's description of TOUSLEY's mode of punishment as written in the Class Letter of 1866? He hesitated somewhat to write it, and "trembled with apprehension" lest *he* should suffer from a "spinning process," if TOUSLEY should meet him, and the Secretary, believing that discretion is the better part of valor, keeps a profound silence on that subject. Our Classmate was said to be a power, not only in school, but in church and in society, while at New Albany, and in Minneapolis he is doubtless equally efficient. His letter follows:—

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.

H. M. GROUT.

Dear Sir:—Mr. Gale of our city lately received a letter from you, in which you make inquiry about me. I have been Superintendent of the city schools of Minneapolis for ten years. Before coming here I taught some ten years in New Albany, Ind. I spent some time in studying law and in travel, sufficient to account for the quarter of a century since my graduation at Williams College in '54. Life has been very uniform,—have kept steadily at the mill,—have not lost a day from sickness, and have not been away from my work, save last summer, when the Board gave me leave of absence to visit Europe. I met MURDOCK in Liverpool; he had been away eight months, and was expected home in June, 1880. He resides at Stillwater, Minnesota. WHITING resides in this State—Clearwater. I have not kept track of any of my Classmates, simply because—well, for no reason, which would avail before a judicial mind. DOUD lives at Fort Dodge, Iowa, is doing a good business, and I believe has accumulated a good deal of property. I am a married man, possess no children, and am doing my level best to lead a useful and placid life. I am glad to know where you are. Shall write to the Class Secretary, and in future will endeavor to keep within the pale of Class propriety.

With pleasant remembrances of you, I remain,

Your friend and Classmate.

Unfortunately the Secretary did not get the promised letter.

JAMES JUDSON TUCKER.

With reference to TUCKER, whose death was reported several years ago, the Secretary thinks that the following, reprinted from a former Class Letter, will be the best tribute to his memory that we can give:

JAMES JUDSON TUCKER was born in Halifax, Vt., on the 6th of October, 1827. He was early left without a mother. His father was a godly man, deacon in the Baptist church of Halifax, and by his consistent walk commended Christianity to the esteem of those who knew him. Judson was committed to the care of a pious aunt, and to her Christian faithfulness and affection he ever felt himself indebted. She

prayed with him and taught him to pray, and was abundantly blessed in seeing the words of his lips become the desires of his heart. He was converted while very young, how young he could not himself exactly state. At the age of eighteen years he publicly professed Christ, and united with the Baptist church in his native town. It is characteristic that not what he said in relating his religious experiences, but what they well knew him to be in his religious life, decided the church to accept and welcome him to their fellowship.

His moral position among men now defined and settled, Mr. TUCKER sought with deliberation and prayer, under the conscious guidance of God, to fix the particular course of future duty. He believed himself called of God to the ministry, and his estimate of the needs of the church confirmed his inward convictions. Mainly dependent upon his own resources, he divided his time between teaching and study during the course of academical preparation, and entered Williams College in 1850. At later periods, also, he aided himself by teaching, a work for which he was well fitted. In College "his piety grew deeper, and he seemed in all respects to be preparing for his chosen work." The records of his diary show that he sought the permanent presence and power of the Holy Spirit as the prime requisite of a faithful ministry—that he himself might know the "joys of salvation," and that his attainments might be sanctified for effective service. While there he received a license to preach the Gospel. He was graduated in due course.

In August, 1855, Mr. TUCKER was married to Miss Mary E. Burns, also of Halifax. In the autumn of the same year he began his theological studies at Newton. Embarrassed pecuniarily, and a favorable opportunity occurring to relieve himself by teaching, he went, in the following spring, to New Bedford, and remained there more than three years. Here he often preached in the city and neighborhood, and his Pastor, Rev. Mr. Girdwood, in the sermon at Mr. TUCKER's funeral, bore testimony to his holy walk and successful service in the cause of Christ. He was literally always ready for every good word and work. The purpose of his coming to New Bedford being accomplished, in furnishing him with means to complete his studies, he entered the senior class in the Theological Seminary at Rochester, N. Y., in the autumn of 1859, and was graduated in the following summer. He was ordained as pastor of the Pleasant Street church, Worcester, Mass., August 30, 1860. By no fault of his, this pastoral connection was dissolved after a little more than a year. In September, 1862, he was settled over the church in South Dedham, and there was presented one of the loveliest illustrations of mutual confidence, appreciation, fidelity and affection that the modern church has furnished. The decline of his health became marked early in 1863. He continued his labors even longer than he was able, availing himself of such temporary respites and reliefs as he could. God blessed his ministry. Twenty were baptized into the happy and vigorous church, others were added by letter, and all were being consolidated and edified by love and knowledge in the things of Christ. He might well wish to consummate the work begun. As the summer passed, it became evident that Mr. TUCKER was the victim of pulmonary consumption, and that his disease was taking on an alarming aspect. It was finally determined after medical and friendly consultation, that he should try the effect of a winter residence in Minnesota. About the middle of November he left home for this purpose, preaching on the previous Sabbath what proved a final farewell sermon to his people. A change of climate could not arrest the fatal decline. On the 11th of January he set his face toward home, hoping only that he might

reach it before he died, but not doubting that he should do this. His hope was not fulfilled. Attended by a Christian brother, he arrived in Chicago on Tuesday night, January 12th, where every arrangement had been made for his comfort by loving and thoughtful friends. Although much enfeebled and unable to walk, yet he partook of his breakfast and dinner on the following day with more than usual relish. At 7 o'clock that evening, Wednesday, January 13, 1864, while reclining on a sofa, his friends being absent for a few moments at the supper table, and he alone with God, he entered into eternal rest. He had pleasantly made request as to what should be brought him from the table, not caring to go himself, but while his friends tarried he began to eat bread in the kingdom of God. Doubtless he had no thought that his end was so near, up to the last moment. In a moment that he thought not, the Son of man came, but he was ready. No trace of suffering or of movement was found upon his peaceful face, and he lay there in the quiet room like one asleep, and so he was.

The remains of Mr. TUCKER were brought to South Dedham, where the funeral services were held in the Baptist church on Thursday afternoon, January 21,—the sermon by his former pastor, Rev. J. Girdwood, of New Bedford. It was a truly Christian service—affecting, appropriate, instructive and consolatory. The bereaved family and the bereaved church have great consolation and a rich legacy in the prayers and example of a godly man, and in the promise of a living Christ.

Mr. TUCKER's character, in its principal elements, may be briefly described, although the justice of the description will not be fully felt except by those who knew him well. He was an honest man, before God and before men, as free from cant as he was from guile. His personal and ministerial conduct was marked by modesty, simplicity and sincerity. His performance was equal to his promise, and better. He was symmetrical, without strong intermittent impulses or high enthusiasm. He had a sustained cheerfulness, most manifest when others were most depressed. He could suffer long and still be kind. As the spring of this, he had a constant and minute trust in God. He actually believed that God's kingdom rules over all, and hence he was wont to consult Him in everything. When bearing up under the severest trials known to a true-hearted minister, as when leading the glad convert into the waters of baptism, he could and did rejoice in the Lord. He loved his work, and he was a good minister of Jesus Christ. Clear, biblical, faithful in his preaching, as a pastor he was affectionate and wise, readily securing the confidence of his people, and proving a son of consolation to those in sorrow. His earliest and latest thoughts were with his flock. The impenitent cannot soon forget his solicitude and his entreaties, and the young Christians will fondly cherish, as their own peculiar inheritance, his desires and endeavors that they might grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth. He was ever a lover of good men.

Mr. TUCKER was not a remarkable man, either in native mental ability or in acquirements, although entirely respectable in both. And in this lies the great lesson of his life. What he did any man can do by the help of God. His example appeals to his brethren in the ministry more powerfully than could that of an extraordinary or an erratic man. His life and labors were a specimen of what is transpiring in thousands of communities, in city, town and county of our land. Such ministries do not serve to point the paragraphs or illustrate the theories of those who write or declaim on the progress, or the decline, or the failure of the preacher's office and power, but they are, after all, the strength of the church and the hope of the world.

And such a ministry shall have a glorious reward. A few weeks before his death, Mr. TUCKER was heard to repeat, with distinctness, in his sleep, the closing stanza of the 50th hymn of the Psalmist. He had no remembrance of it in the morning, nor could he recall any dream. But his unconscious and instinctive aspiration is now a conscious reality; and in his fulfilled hope he rests.

Mr. TUCKER leaves a wife and three children, the youngest of whom he never saw. This sketch will find a fitting close in the tribute of an appreciated and reciprocated affection. "In the bitterness and darkness of my great bereavement, I most deeply thank God that I was permitted to walk the journey of life with him so long."

EDWARD BREWSTER TUTHILL.

WE have two letters from TUTHILL, for the Class. The first, answering very briefly the questions in the Report, and the second, somewhat more extensive. He is at *Colorado Springs, Col.*, and from his first letter we compile the following statistics:—

He was born August 24, 1827, at Blooming Grove, N. Y., from which place he came to Williams at the beginning of our course. His parents were Job Tuthill and Ann E. Brewster. He fitted at Goshen Academy, and after graduating spent a year at home. In October, 1855, he began the study of Theology at Bangor Seminary, graduating there in 1856. Since then he has been most of the time at work in his profession—until the condition of his health obliged him to relinquish some part of his labor—and has acted as pastor or supply for a longer or shorter time for different churches. He began labor at Passadumkeag and Burlington, Me., supplying each alternately; he was next at Baraboo, Wis., "a place of shameful name," whence he wrote in the spring of 1861. Remaining there a year, he was next for a short time at Rockford, Ill., "heartily tired of migratory life," but with changing scenes still before him. He then returned in the early part of 1864 to Blooming Grove, teaching as the Principal of the Academy there. After an "ecclesiastical raid on Massachusetts churches under that masterly strategist, CHARLEY BLISS," he "changed his base" in September, 1863, to Hillsboro', and in December to Rosemond, Ill., "a New England Colony, largely made up of people from Berkshire." In 1865 he was at Concord, Ill., near Jacksonville. While living there he married, in September, 1865, Miss Sophia C.

Bingham, of Watertown, Wis., and has had two sons, Arthur B., aged 14, and Edward G., aged 7, (at this time, 1881.) Since leaving Concord, he has preached at Georgetown, Col., and Martinez, California. In his letter he mentioned pleasantly several Class-mates he has met in his pilgrimages; in one of them he met "Judge Doun," and that was in 1865. He then was sadly in need, thought TUTHILL, of a "good clear-sighted wife. Though yet in that horrible state—a poor pitiable old bachelor, he was not hopeless either, for I judged that some fair one had at last found the door to the old procrastinator's heart." The late repentance of the Judge was perhaps the reason—or was it procrastination—which deprived us of his promised letter, mentioned earlier in this Report. But TUTHILL wrote the following to the Secretary, which gives a little more information concerning himself.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Col.

DEAR FRIEND:—My life, since leaving College, has been mostly spent in teaching and preaching. The first year after graduating I was a tiller of the soil, having the care of the homestead farm. The next year I entered Bangor Theological Seminary; preached a year in Maine, another year in Wisconsin, eight years in Concord, Illinois; and then, obeying H. G's advice, went West; was over two years upon the dome of the continent, in Colorado,—this was the greatest rise I have made in the world, was up about 9000 feet; again I went West,—lived in California four years. At this time, my health failing me, I went Westward once more, this time to the Sandwich Islands, and remained there a year, returning to my home in Martinez, California, in April, 1879. My health still continuing not restored, I resigned my charge at Martinez, and moved again, this time Eastward, to Colorado Springs, where I remain at this present date.

My family, besides myself, numbers three,—wife, and two children, boys.

In the twenty-five years past, I think it very likely I have preached as many poor sermons as any one in the Class of '54. However, if any one has exceeded my number, I will willingly yield the place. Still, if I were to be placed back in the years that have passed and had to choose again, I think I would take up the same profession. And now, it seems to me if my health were restored, I would ask no higher honor than to tell about the blessed Master again, as I have tried to do in the years gone by.

A short time before leaving California, I met J. H. STRONG, one of our Class. He is living in Oakland, has been doing hard missionary work, and teaching, likewise, in that State. Save BLISS, he is the only Classmate I have met for many years.

God bless you all.

Yours.

A letter from BLISS, who was in Colorado when the first part of this Letter was printed, says of TUTHILL:

Like some other men who have passed the twenty-fifth year from graduation, he parts his hair in the middle, and the side locks are somewhat gray, but he is the same quiet, genial fellow that he always was,—not a day older than when that quadruped casualty happened at the Freshman recitation room, twenty-eight years ago, and our beloved Tutor was informed that “cows sometimes hook.”

LYMAN WARNER.

FROM WARNER we have received the following brief narrative. It is dated at *Burlington, Ct.*

DEAR CLASSMATE:—Not being present at our Quarter Century Meeting, I wish we may have a full report of that meeting in our Class Letter.

The following are some items in regard to myself. I was born July 4, 1826, at Bolton, Conn. The names of my parents were Ashbel Warner and Abbie Lyman. Fitted for College in the Preparatory Department of Western Reserve College, at Hudson, Ohio. Since graduation, have studied at Hartford Seminary and Andover Theological Seminary. October 28, 1857, was ordained and installed Pastor of the Second Congregational Church in Ashfield, Mass. Removed in 1859 to East Hartford, Ct.; in 1862 to Becket, Mass.; in 1864 to Rockford, Iowa; in 1872 to East Hartland, Ct.; in 1876 to Salisbury, Ct.; in 1879 to Burlington, Ct., where I am now Acting Pastor of the Congregational Church. Was married October 15, 1857, to Elizabeth S. Olmstead, of East Hartford, Ct. We have had five children. An infant son and a daughter of fourteen years have been taken from our home. A

daughter and two sons are with us — Bessie of twenty-one years, Charlie of twelve years, and Eddie of ten years.

While in Iowa I met MOORE. The last I knew of him, he was in Dubuque, engaged in the lumber trade. I called on DOUD at his office in Dubuque, and found him full of business. In 1875 I met WHITING. He was then in business in Clearwater, Minn. I have met no other member of our Class since our twentieth anniversary. Hoping that your patient, untiring labor as Class Committee may be successful in securing a letter from every member of our Class,

I remain, as ever, your Classmate.

JOSEPH WASHBURN.

JOSEPH WASHBURN entered our Class from Savannah, Ga. His father, whose name was also Joseph, was a merchant in that city, and a brother of Governor Washburn of Massachusetts, at one time a Trustee of Williams. We have no information concerning his studies before entering College. After graduating he returned home, and in 1856 he was reported as studying law in Savannah, and in 1858 as in mercantile pursuits, in which he continued with his brother for some years. During the war he served with the Confederates, and it was reported that he fell in battle. That he did *not* fall, we have the best evidence below, in the excellent letter he sent for the Class Meeting, and whether the other reports above, as to his life have any better foundation, we cannot tell. His letter follows:—

ST. MARY'S, Ga.

DEAR MR. SECRETARY:— Your brotherly greeting, as Secretary of the Class of '54, conveyed by circular letter, reached me at this place, where I am now resident. I was glad to hear from you, and hope that hereafter I shall have the further pleasure of receiving from you a more detailed account concerning yourself and other members of the Class of '54. I am sorry that my time will not allow a long letter; but that you do not ask: your request is, "Sit down and write a *good* letter," and if *good* intention, not vitiated by the use of improper means, will establish my claim to a "good letter" I shall now fulfill your request, and briefly make answer to your inquiries in the order made. First, then, "What

knowledge of my Classmates?" None. A separating wall of nearly twenty-five years, with only one or two loop-holes, called Class Letters, through which I have been permitted to look College-wards, has effectually cut me off from such knowledge. Next, "About myself?" "how the world has used (me)?" Perhaps I can best answer this question, in telling you that I am no longer a subject of the "Prince of this world." (Jno. xii. 31, 32.) He and I are at enmity. But the Lord Jesus Christ, into whose kingdom (by the grace of God) I have been translated, (Col. i. 13, 14,) has "used" me marvellously well, and I have abounding and increased cause to bless God for that wondrous love which hath chosen me to Himself, and hath transferred my allegiance to His Son and my King, Jesus Christ. Again, you request:—"Tell us about your wife and babies, your joys and sorrows?" I was married to the church (Isa. lxii. 5) in the Fall of '66, and have, (alas! that the number is so small,) a few children, babes—"babes in Christ," spiritual children. (1 Cor. iv. 15.)

Some of my joys the Apostle John speaks of in his third Epistle, fourth verse; and some of my sorrows the Apostle Paul writes of in his letter to the Romans, ninth chap. second verse; joys and sorrows had in kind, if not in degree, with the Apostles. For example, "My heart's desire and prayer to God for (my Classmates) is that they may be saved," if not already so.

With this crowning wish, and a hope that your meeting will prove a happy one, I will only add, as a matter of history concerning myself, that since the Fall of '71 I have either been a licentiate or an ordained minister of the Presbyterian church, and am now pastor of the church at this place.

You all know what I used to be in College, and I only need to point you to then and now, to cause you to marvel at the grace of God thus manifested.

Praying for God's blessing upon you and yours, and asking an interest in the prayers and thanksgiving of my brethren in Christ,

I remain yours truly, in the bonds of '54.

DELOS ELIJAH WELLS.

DELOS E. WELLS entered the Class at the beginning of Junior year; his full response to the Secretary's Catechism shows that the study of Vincent had a good effect, and his letter needs no addition from us.

FULTON, ILL.

DEAR CLASSMATES:—Your circular has come to hand. I am very glad to learn that you are publishing a Class Letter. Following the outline given by you, I furnish the following information.

I was born near Syracuse, N. Y., Jan. 16, 1832. My parents' names were John S. Wells and Mary (Hinsdale) Wells. I fitted for junior year in Collegiate course at Pompey and Homer Academies, and in Genesee Seminary at Lima, N. Y. After graduating, I studied two years at Auburn Theological Seminary, N. Y., and one year at Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, graduating at the latter. I received the degree of A. M. at our Alma Mater in 1857. During the last half of 1854 and the whole of 1855 I had charge of Pompey Academy, N. Y., and during 1856 and 1857 I was Superintendent of the Public Schools in Perrysburg, Ohio.

Since my graduation at the Theological Seminary in May, 1860, I have been constantly engaged in the ministry, never hindered by illness from fulfilling my official duties but one Sabbath. For nearly four years I had charge of the Presbyterian Church in New Philadelphia, Ohio; near the same length of time I was Pastor of the Congregational Church in Monroeville, O. Afterwards I was Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Red Wing, Minn., for about six years. October 1, 1873, I took charge of the Presbyterian Church in Fulton, Ill., where my field of labor has been until the present time. In September, 1860, I was married to Miss Eliza Macy, of Cincinnati. We have had one child, a daughter, named Mary Eliza, who is nearly nineteen years of age.

As you ask for "as free information" as I would like to receive about others, I would state respecting the visible fruit of my pastorates as follows: In the first, a reunion of two branches of a church, and the renovation of a church edifice. In the second, the purchase of a parsonage, and the reconstruction of a house of worship, and fifty per cent increase of membership. In the third, the erection of a parsonage, the refitting of the house of worship, and thirty per cent increase of membership. In the fourth, additions to membership,—at one time sixty-six,—and the marked improvement of the house of worship, including the construction of a commodious pastor's study.

I once visited our Classmate MOORE, in Dubuque, where he has long been engaged in the lumber business. His first wife used to live in Red Wing, where I had a call from him. I have visited Judge MURDOCK's beautiful home in Stillwater, Minn., several

times. He has two adopted daughters, who, with his accomplished wife, entertain guests in a very hospitable manner. I once met WHITING at a Minnesota Sunday School Convention. He then stood as high as ever in stature, and I learned that he was a successful merchant in Anoka or St. Cloud, north of Minneapolis. Dr. SEAVER, the esteemed Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church in Syracuse, once introduced me to his congregation as his former College Classmate and room-mate, in a most cordial manner. His wife is truly a helpmeet to him. They have no children. Dr. SEAVER has a fine horse, whose speed he enjoys testing in the saddle and in the buggy. J. B. ADAMS was practicing law in Geneseo, N. Y., when I last saw him, and I heard that he was quite successful. I enjoyed a reunion with ANDERSON at our late Presbyterian General Assembly in Madison, Wis., where his defence of a case entrusted to him was evidently conducted with much ability. In May, 1878, I had the pleasure of meeting MATTHIAS DAY as a member of the Presbyterian General Assembly, which convened in Pittsburg. His residence was then in Toledo, Ohio, where he has been in business for a number of years. Dr. KITTREDGE is in the same Synod with myself. His energy, executive ability, usefulness, and remarkable success are widely known.

Your proposed information about College affairs and Williamstown improvements will be most welcome, as will be news from our Classmates.

Yours very truly.

THOMAS MACAULAY WHEELER.

One of our latest letters came from "Tom Wheeler." He shows his interest is unabated, but fails to answer the questions, probably because the Secretary's circular did not reach him, and we make up a few facts from previous Reports. These "facts" are not like some that a certain member of our Class was wont to *invent* for the occasion to strengthen his arguments in Senior disputes. Perhaps it will remind our old Monitor of some early days, if I mention that our friend Dr. Duncan, who, by the way, has one of the prettiest houses in Williamstown, inquired very particularly about him, the last time the Secretary saw him,—and the old cottage under the hill was still standing on our last visit to Williamstown.

Wheeler was born July 4, 1831, in New York; probably the patriotic inspirations of his natal day led him to take up arms for his country during the war, in which he served in the famous New York Seventh Regiment, and as Major of the 13th New York Cavalry. After graduating he studied law, and has since practiced in New York. He was married November 12, 1863; his wife died in the winter of 1865-6, and he has since married again, as we are informed. The Secretary had the pleasure of meeting him in New York some months ago, and he did not look a day older than when we parted at the Commencement levee, and his "spees" were as bright as when he used them efficiently to see who was absent from morning prayers ever so long ago. By the way, didn't the Class once present you with a pencil to mark the fellows who "slept over?" That barbarity of morning prayers and recitations before sunrise is done away with now, thanks to Pres. Chadbourne.

206 BROADWAY, ROOM 52, NEW YORK.

DEAR BILL:—That's what I used to call you more than twenty-five years ago, before your hair was grey and mine was very thin on top. I wish it to be distinctly understood that I am not bald, and why should I not call you Bill now? As I recall the College days I feel young again, but the fact is, I feel young all the time. When Holmes said:

"In short there is nothing that keeps its youth,
As far as I know, but a tree and truth,"

If he had known me, I should have been included. And my habit of procrastination has, I doubt not, helped me to retain my youth. Do you ask how? Oh! I am not going into a learned disquisition. I have three children—girls I am happy to say, for I was always fond of the girls. Oh no, you need not say anything about that little affair, the fellows will all remember it. I am practicing law in New York, No. 206 Broadway, and live in Englewood, N. J. I do not belong to any church; perhaps in the estimation of the Class,—

"I'm but a heedless, creedless, godless savage."

"Yet I consider faith and prayers
Among the privatest of men's affairs."

Yours truly.

SAMUEL WHITING.

Failing to get a seasonable response from WHITING, we wrote a gentleman of the town where he lives, making some inquiries. The person addressed proved to be W's minister. From this we learned, among other facts which the following letter communicates, that he is a royal fellow—just as we always knew; the leading merchant and most valuable citizen of the town; a square man and Christian all the time; Sunday School Superintendent, and deacon (only he would n't accept the office); talks slow, but always talks sense; and has a wife every way as good as he is—*of which last we have no doubt*. It seems the parson went back on us and reported, and here is what came of it all:

CLEARWATER, Minn.

MY DEAR GROUT:—Though not a Western man, it seems you have acquired some Western ways. You know the meaning of the terms "still hunt" and "drive," (judging from the way you have circumvented me), as well as we who have lived where deer-hunting is common. The deer has a slim chance for life when surrounded by hunters and driven to the point where the concealed rifleman awaits him. If I had any desire to avoid compliance with your request for a Class Letter, I counted my chances of escape slim, when I learned from my good neighbor and pastor that he had been solicited to join your *drive* against me.

He tells me he has complied with your request, and answered your inquiries respecting me. This is well, as it relieves me of what was always a very difficult and disagreeable task—telling what I know about myself. Furthermore, it insures a disinterested and uncolored presentation of one's good and bad qualities, which could hardly be expected from one so interested as the individual himself. I can therefore limit my information to the points suggested in your Circular Letter.

Was born in West Hartford, Conn., March 6, 1831. My parents' names:—Samuel and Sophia Whiting. Fitted at the Hartford High School. Read Law in the office of Thos. C. Perkins, Hartford, the second and third year after graduation. Removed to Minnesota in the year '57; located in this place, and

in 1860 engaged with my brother in the mercantile business here under the firm name of Whiting Bros.; in '70 my brother withdrew, and I have since continued the business alone, carrying a general stock, dry goods, &c. In 1865 I married Anna M. Mayo, a native of "Garcelon" State. We have five children:—Egbert K., 10 years old; Grace Mansfield, 6 years; our "twins," Sarah Adelia and Helen Sophia, 3 years; George Austin, 5 months old.

It has not been my good fortune to meet with my Classmates in any of their gatherings since graduation, but I have not lost a particle of my interest as a classman. I missed the last "Report." Don't fail to send me this one. I have many blessings to be thankful for, and I wish to add to them this one, of reviving the memories so dear to me.

With my kindest personal regards I remain

Very truly yours.

We are sorry to note any family disagreements in our noble Class. But notwithstanding WHITING's solemn protest, we feel bound to give his wife a hearing. Under date of March 4, she writes, and he adds:—

DR. GROUT.

DEAR SIR:—As our minister and Mr. WHITING have already sent in their contributions, I make haste to send a line also, to correct a slight unintentional error in Mr. WHITING's statements. * * * The date of our marriage should be 1868, instead of 1865. Our oldest son is ten the coming August. * * Believing that printed matter should always be correct, I feel called upon to "rise and explain." Please excuse the liberty I have taken.

Respectfully.

GROUT:

Don't "put this in the paper." The "boys" will say WHITING and his wife "*don't agree*," which "am not a fact." S. W.

We assure Mrs. W. that our sympathies are entirely with her in this difference, and commend her charity in speaking of her husband's misstatement as "unintentional." We do not wonder that he is ashamed of having lived a bachelor so long. G.

JOHN SEYMOUR WHITMAN.

CHATHAM, (Medina Co.) Ohio.

DEAR CLASSMATES:—Am rejoiced that you intend to issue a Class Letter, and hope we shall have intelligence from "every living member." Have seen but two of our Class since February, '76, when I came into Ohio. Have met MATHIVET, and preached for FRANK ROBBINS, on my way to the Centennial.

I write with your Circular before me. I was born in Williamstown, Mass., November 7, 1833. My father's name was Seymour Whitman; he died in 1856. Was a lineal descendant of Rev. Solomon Stoddard, of Northampton, father-in-law of President Timothy Edwards. The Whitmans and Seymours were from Hartford, and are well known names there. My mother's name is (she is living) Ann Maria (Bulkley.) Her mother was a sister of Dr. N. S. S. Beaman, the old Presbyterian "war-horse," as he was sometimes called, of Troy, N. Y. I was fitted for College in Williamstown, and in Cherry Valley, N. Y. The Academy in the latter place was taught by Mr. C. G. Hazeltine, a graduate of Williams, who was my uncle.

After leaving College I taught a part of a year in Lenox, Mass. Spent one year in Auburn Theological Seminary, and two years in Union Theological Seminary, in New York City. My studies were interrupted by the death of my father, and necessary business engagements, and I did not preach much until June, 1861, when I went as a Home Missionary to Rochester, Minn. Fifteen years of the time since 1861 my employment has been preaching the gospel.

Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Sen., once said that he had ruined a half-a-dozen parishes in learning to speak extemporaneously. Unwritten sermons have not ruined the half-dozen to which I have ministered, for I have generally used a manuscript.

Was one year in Rochester, Minn.; one and a half in Charlemont, Mass. I was next settled in Sprague, Ct., as pastor, and remained there four years and a half. I left Sprague May 1, 1869, on account of a bronchial difficulty, and spent two years in Williamstown, preaching only occasionally. July 7, 1871, went to Lyndon, Vt., and was acting pastor of the church there for four years. Have been in Ohio five years,—one year of the time at Berea, and three years at Chatham, where I am still preaching.

Have usually had good health since I left Connecticut. I hold essentially to the same Christian doctrines I was taught when a boy in Williamstown under Dr. Hopkins and others. I rejoice in the privilege of preaching Christ as the hope of the lost, and intend to persevere in the work while health and strength remain.

I was married in Auburn, N. Y., June 13, 1860, to Olivia Arne, daughter of Dr. Arne of that city. We have had four children: John Monroe, aged 19; Mary Eva, died July 21, 1863; Maria Louise, aged 14; Charles Seymour, aged 12.

John M. expected to enter the Sophomore class at Williams last year, but concluded not to do so. He has been in Oberlin College two years, one of which was in the Preparatory department. Is now principal editor of the "Lorain Weekly Times," published at Lorain, O., but does not give up the idea of going to Williams eventually. My two oldest children are professors of religion; the youngest, I trust, is a Christian. I believe I have gone over the list. Print or leave out what you please.

Believe me, as ever, your Classmate.

ALBERT PARDON WILLIAMS.

WILLIAMS entered our Class late in the course, — I think Senior year. He was one of our quiet, studious men, retiring in disposition, and so far as the Secretary can remember, one who had few intimate friends in the Class, but one universally liked and respected. His health was never firm, and after graduating he began the study of law, only to relinquish it very soon from the effects of the disease, consumption, which carried him away February 25, 1856. He was born in Ellisburg, N. Y., September 22, 1830; and was the first of our number to leave us. We regret very much that we have been unable to give any particulars of his early life and parentage, but could obtain none.



NOTES.



O those who have not visited Williams since graduation, some notice of the changes in the village and the College buildings will not be without interest. The extension of the railroad from Troy to the Tunnel, has had the effect of doing away with a large part of the stage travel, and the crowd that used to assemble in front of the old Union House to greet their returning classmates as the term began, and to seize an unsuspecting "Fresh," when a new year opened, is no longer to be found. The railroad comes from the northwest, having followed the west side of the river from the old "Dug-way," and turning east near the "Sand springs," follows the north bank of the Hoosac River; the Williamstown station is on the north of the river at the foot of the street that leads to the "White-oaks," once known as Shattuck's lane, from the carpenter shop of the old gentleman who lived on the corner. It is upwards of a mile from the village, and a fine and large brick mill stands very near it, on the south side of the river, with rows of cottages, and a large store, now or lately kept by a son of Mr. B. F. Mather. This has greatly changed this part of the town.

Coming up on the street, the first thing that would probably strike us is the care taken to keep the road and grounds on each side of it in order; fine turf, with walks and flowers on either side, low ornamental trees and shrubs, &c., have displaced the weeds and dusty ways, and the removal of the fence in front of nearly all the dwellings and the College buildings, gives a park-like character to the place, and displays the natural beauties of Williamstown to the best advantage.

Where once stood the ancient Union House, there is now a fine brick church edifice, with steeple and bell and ornamental windows, erected by the Methodists. The old building is used for Town purposes, the lower part at least, and the upper story is arranged for a Masonic hall, where the "Williams Lodge" of Freemasons holds its communications. The Union House building has been moved further south, and is used for a tenement house, I believe.

Passing up the street, the little clump of trees in front of Prof. Albert's former residence is partly standing, but the fence and underbrush has been taken away. A new house, now occupied by the minister of the Congregational Church, stands a little back from the street, behind where the Professor formerly lived. Between that, and partly occupying the east side of the East College Campus, the new building for Cabinets and similar purposes, is going up, the funds for which were the gift of Mr. Edward E. Clark. The College buildings "East" and "South," are but little changed; they have had a coat of paint, which has improved them. The Astronomical Observatory has been enriched by some fine instruments, the gift of David Dudley Field, and the Natural History building, a square edifice with a tower on its easterly side, the gift of the late Nathan Jackson, stands south-east from it, nearer the brow of the hill. From its tower, a lovely view of the whole valley to the north, east, and south, can be gained. It is called Jackson Hall, and here the "L. N. H." hold their meetings.

Where the old spring once forced its waters, by the aid of an hydraulic ram, up to the top of the hill, is now a small pond, quite an ornament to the grounds, and bearing the name of "Christmas Lake," and near it, on the west, is the ball-ground.

Returning to East College, we find the Campus on the west side scarcely altered. Lawrence Hall remains in good condition, and red as ever, with the funny daguerreotypes and Class pictures in the basement, and the Assyrian slabs on the wall. Opposite East College on the west is Alumni Hall and the new Chapel, a handsome building of stone, covered with Class ivy vines. It is well warmed, lighted, and adorned with two memorial windows of stained glass—in honor of Prof. Albert Hopkins, and Prof. Tenney; and others are in contemplation. A fine organ is behind the desk. The seats are cushioned, and altogether the atmosphere is very different from that where we formerly assembled for

prayers. A reminder of that is to be seen in the slab "To the memory of the gallant and generous Col. Ephraim Williams," and that which commemorates that early donor, Woodbridge Little.

The tower, with a steeple, and a fine sounding bell, (to Alumni ears,) is on the east side, and serves as an entrance to Alumni Hall, which stands like the top of a T relatively to the Chapel. The lower part of this building is used by Professors for recitation rooms—each Professor now has his own recitation room, and the Class rooms are given up. The upper story has a high, open roof; on the east wall is a representation of the College seal, and around are various portraits—Prof. C. Dewey, Pres. Hopkins, Prof. Albert, Gov. Washburn, Dr. Calvin Durfee, and many others; a few of them are good, notably one of our old friend Dr. Emerson Davis, but most are not particularly creditable to any body, whether the artist, the subject, or the Society.

On the brow of the hill, and facing the road on the right as we go west, stands a fine SOLDIERS' MONUMENT of bronze, tastefully designed, of heroic size, upon a pedestal of brown stone suitably carved, and bearing tablets inscribed with the names of the Williams men who gave their lives for their country. It was the first Soldiers' Monument suggested in the country. It stands in front and to the right of the old Chapel, now known as Griffin Hall, which is but little changed externally by its coat of yellow or cream colored paint. The interior, below, is admirably arranged with the College Cabinet of Natural history—specimens of rocks, crystals, etc., skeletons of animals, birds, etc., and amply supplied with the means of study in that department. This is independent of the L. N. H., which has its collection in Jackson Hall, already mentioned. In the back room, under the old Conference room, are plaster casts and models,—set up by our old friend Ward, of Rochester, who distinguished himself in a certain conflagration our Sophomore year, now a great authority in matters of Natural History. Here is exhibited the skeleton of an enormous Sloth, the megatherium, (one of those long extinct animals of the strata that Prof. Emmons used to descant upon,) and other similar objects of interest. Up stairs is, I believe, Prof. E. H. Griffin's Recitation room, where the students recite in Latin.

West of Griffin Hall, on the same side of the street, is a fine building, erected by Hon. John Z. Goodrich, and bearing his name. The upper floor has until lately been used as a Gymnasium; and here are held the Commencement dinners and the Com-

mencement Ball, now as regular a part of the exercises of the week as when *our* distinguished President was a floor manager in 1824; an admirable Laboratory and Lecture room occupies the lower story, said to be one of the best arranged, if not the very best in the country, and a bowling alley is in the basement. Another new idea and new building is the "College House," which stands back, north west of Goodrich Hall, where a large number of students board, and are supplied with a good table at a moderate cost. The old "President's House" has been moved to the north of this building, and is occupied by Prof. Safford, who is the instructor in Astronomy, etc., and Librarian. Prof. Dodd and Prof. Fernald have lately built houses on this street, which runs directly north from the main street to the Mission Park. This Park is now quite attractive. Many trees have been set out there, and a marble monument commemorates, on the site of the old hay-stack, that historic Prayer meeting early in the Century, which has led to such wonderful results. Around this monument gather the alumni and visitors on the afternoon of Baccalaureate Sunday, to hold the Missionary Prayer Meeting.

Returning to Main Street, we notice that Prof. Tatlock's house has been moved a long distance back from the street, to a little hillock, and a winding drive way approaches it. A large Sigma Phi monogram shows that this property has passed into the hands of that Society, who have greatly improved its appearance, by painting it, and building a fine large piazza in front of it, and have also made many improvements in its interior. On the corner of what *we* called New Street, — now known as Spring Street, — is a new house built for, and I believe occupied by, Prof. Llewellyn Pratt, of the Class of 1852.

The houses on Spring Street have changed but little, except for the worse, in their appearance, for the last twenty years, and we should notice but few changes as we walked in that direction. The brick house built there twenty years ago by the Sigs, is now used for students' rooms, and the street has been somewhat lengthened; it has also become a thoroughfare to some extent, by a new road from Water Street, which comes into its further end, and saves climbing "Consumption Hill" to the old Chapel. A brick building has also been erected on that street, and is used for school purposes by the town. The old Post office wooden building has been moved down upon Spring Street; it is still used for that purpose and also for a College Book store where "N. F."

supplies soda waters, cigars, medicines, and literature, to the students, and as a telegraph office.

The house where Dr. Alden once resided is now the property of and occupied by the Delta Kappa Epsilon Society, which I think did not "swing" any of its men till after our Class graduated. The grounds about Kellogg Hall and West College are little changed, but are kept in much better order. The "spacious edifices" near them, where Bill Pratt kept his "Library," and scattered choride of lime, have disappeared, like their name-sake Lemuel. The passage way through "old West" has been closed up, and new entrances opened—one on either end,—and on the west side of the building is a new Gymnasium, of wood, built by Mr. Goodrich, to allow the upper part of Goodrich Hall to be utilized for other College purposes. Somewhat south of Kellogg Hall, in a very desirable situation, Prof. Perry, of the Class of '52, has built for himself a very pleasant residence.

At the foot of West College Hill, on the north side of the street, stands the new Church, a fine building of brick, with a steeple on the corner, and a large commodious vestry behind. North of this, at quite a distance from the street and facing upon a new drive-way, winding over the eastern portion of Prof. Lasell's former estate, is Pres. Hopkins's present home. It is one of the pleasantest locations in town, and directly on the border of the Mission Park. The house on the crest of the hill, directly north of West College, is the President's house; the old "Academy" building, at one time used for a Post office, then for student's rooms above, and afterwards for the Alpha Delta Phi hall, is now a Roman Catholic church, and bears upon its top a large wooden cross of great size. Between that and the old store once occupied by WHITMAN's father, a new street has been opened, called Park Street, leading to the Park, and also to another new street that comes out on the road to Pownal, a little north of the old Mansion House. Park Street has a small Episcopal chapel on its west side and several new and very attractive cottages. In one of them lives Mr. N. F. Smith; near his residence is another fine building of wood, belonging to the Delta Psi Society, which came to Williams our Senior year, and has taken a good rank there. Continuing up the Main Street there are few changes to be noticed on the north side. Mr. Mather's house has been much improved and modernized; his store stands where it did, and as I passed it last summer, he came out, looking just as he used to;

opposite, on the south side, is a new house, built and occupied by Dr. Duncan; a little west of it is a fine building of stone, — the Alpha Delta Phi Society's quarters; next is the house which I believe was once Dr. Hubbell's, now a hotel kept by Blair Kellogg. From that point westward the changes are trifling on the south side. Dr. Sabin has improved the appearance of his place by removing fences, &c. The old Benjamin house is still, I think, or was till quite recently, standing. New houses have been built on "South Street" — the present name of the Stone hill road, — by Mr. Geer, Mr. Leake, and others.

The old Church is burned. Its pine-apple disappeared years ago, and a new tower took the place of that tinned steeple, — the interior was remodelled, the galleries lowered, and the whole appearance greatly improved, but fire took it off in 1865, and the brick church near the Colleges is now its successor. With it departed the old fences where our country visitors tied their horses, up and down the street, Commencement day, — the motley crew that sold "Wade & Butcher razors" behind it; the whip peddlers, et id omne genus have gone, and there is but little of the rush and hurley burley of Commencement day as we recall it.

The old Mansion House has vanished also. Fire destroyed *that*, and a very fine, well furnished, and generally well kept hotel, bearing the same name, has replaced it, on the same spot. Wide piazzas, a clean and comfortable dining room, and modern conveniences, have made it a place of popular resort. Just across the street to the west is the new Kappa Alpha house. It is finely built, finished in hard wood, with broad piazza, an attractive hall, with a beautiful memorial window of stained glass, and is an ornament to the village, of which its members are justly proud, and which yearly welcomes back many of its graduates.

Further on toward Buxton there have been some new cottages erected; the old mill where Blatchford went one night for a bell, is there, but the changes I have mentioned are the principal ones that I recall, as most noticeable to the returning alumnus. On the street running north of the Mansion House some improvements have been made; a number of the old houses, and among them that old gambrel-roof farm-house in whose attic Perkins, Kittredge, Atkins, and Marvin passed the night when we entered at the Commencement of 1850, have been moved off or torn down.

The mountains are as glorious and beautiful as ever, and they speak in the old familiar language. Gorgeous in their autumn

dress, they are but little changed, though forest fires have bared some large spaces on the sides of those to the north.

The Faculty have almost entirely changed since we left, as might be expected. Pres. Chadbourne, Tutor and Professor in our time, has done a good work in many ways for the College and the town, and lays down his authority at the approaching Commencement of 1881. He is to be succeeded by Franklin Carter, formerly a Professor of Latin at Williams, one of our own graduates, and from him good results are confidently expected. Pres. Carter will assume the chair with the cordial support of the Alumni. The retiring President has largely increased the number of students, so that the Classes are now nearly or quite as large as ours, though ours still heads the list in the number of men it graduated. Dr. Chadbourne has also made many friends for the College, and we are beginning to see new buildings, cabinets, and additions to our funds, coming in from seed he has sown. Pres. Carter expects to see an immediate increase in the General Fund of the College of at least a hundred thousand dollars. A College Chaplain is to be added to the working force of the Faculty, perhaps in some degree to supplement the instructions of Dr. Hopkins; the occupants for the vacant chairs in the Faculty will probably be appointed at this Commencement, and altogether it is hoped that a new era of prosperity has dawned.

Dr. Hopkins remains still—as an instructor—and is as well beloved as ever. Prof. Tatlock leads the list of names below the Doctor's as a Professor *emeritus*, but has nothing now to do with the instruction in mathematics, which is in charge of Professor Dodd, of the Class after us. Dr. Tatlock removed to Pittsfield, and for a time practiced law, but is now quite infirm, though I understand both he and his excellent wife are well. Prof. Perry, of '52, is Professor of History and Political Economy, Prof. Gilson, of '53, of Modern Languages, Prof. Griffin, of Latin, (son of our old instructor, who died in 1876,) Prof. Fernald, a graduate of Harvard, succeeded Prof. Dimmock, who will be remembered as of the Class after us, Prof. Southworth has the department of Chemistry, and Prof. Raymond has lately resigned that of Oratory; Prof. Gilson also contemplates resigning on account of his health.

Many of the old familiar faces remain in town, or did when I was there last summer,—Mr. Mather, Sheriff Bulkley, Mr. Robert Noble, Mr. Talmadge, Keyes Danforth, Mr. Taft, (now the Post-

master,) Dr. Sabin, and many more of the citizens; they seem but little older than when we left. Of the College servitors,—the “sub-faculty,” as a graduate once called them,—most of those who were there in our day have passed away. Pat Lamy went to the war, and I believe came back a cripple and has since died; Dan. Shea has disappeared; Bill Pratt, the oratorical, fervid, irrepressible Bill, makes the College grounds resound with his “Ottah r-r-olling ottah!” and can make as euphonious a speech as ever. Peter Coon long ago solved the mysteries which he loved to discuss, and most of the others have gone to another world. Tommy McMahon, who used to drive the stage from Adams, has become a man of means and has a fine livery stable, and that branch of business seems to be more prosperous than any other in the town. The turn-outs at Commencement are quite dazzling.

The old Societies of the College, the Philologist and Philotechnian, have their halls in South College. In the first hang the two pictures, Peace and War, presented during our Freshman year, or earlier. The President’s table with those curious curled-up legs that occasionally did duty on the Chapel stage when we had an Adelpic Union debate there, was still in service; in Technian Hall I saw those Egyptian monuments at the end, which once sustained so much dignity, and the portrait of Dr. Hopkins hung behind them. The Phi Beta Kappa was introduced about sixteen years ago, as an honorary Society, and membership in that seems to be highly prized. The secret Societies appear to be prosperous. All the older ones have fine places, the “Kaps” an elegant building, already described. The “Sigs” a valuable place of some three or four acres in the heart of the College grounds, on which, it is said, they are soon to begin to build. The Chi Psi Society was dormant for a while, and then revived, taking at the outset a high rank for scholarship,—rather a different standard of membership from what it was supposed to seek in our times. The “Alpha Delts” have a fine place, and seem to be flourishing. The younger societies—the Delta Psi, and the Delta Kappa Epsilon, I know little about, but hear them well spoken of. Their old opponent, the Social Fraternity, after a precarious existence, finally succumbed, and there is now no organized opposition among the students, and little if any on the part of the Faculty. The latter, indeed, have come to recognize the influence of the Societies as often a desirable one; the increasing interest felt in them by the Alumni, manifested by their liberal gifts

towards the "places" occupied by the under-graduates, have brought out a new phase in the Society question. *Now*, the influence of the Alumni on their younger Society friends in College, and of the men in upper classes upon the members in the lower classes, is freely used, not unfrequently at the suggestion of College officers, whenever such a course seems desirable, for the good of the College, and for the benefit or restraint of individuals, and this has had a decidedly good effect in many ways. Some of them have been incorporated, and their trustees being graduates, can be depended on to see that the College suffers no detriment, while the value of the property is an inducement on the other side to prevent the members from exposing their Society existence to danger. But I have no desire to start a discussion on this subject; the times have changed, and the views regarding Societies not less.

College customs are somewhat changed also. Class-day is quite an institution now. An oration and poem in the church, planting a Class ivy at the Chapel, a gift of books and a Library oration at Lawrence Hall, an address to the lower Classes, and a pipe of peace on East College Campus with college and class songs, and odes, are its principal ceremonies.

The Sunday evening after the Baccalaureate the Seniors assemble about sunset, on the East College grounds and sing familiar hymns, that have been used in the College Chapel, while their friends and the other Classes gather around; later an Alumni prayer meeting is well attended. The missionary meeting on the Mission Park, already mentioned, is also a marked and interesting feature of the day. The Sunday morning is taken up by the address before the Mills Society, which still exists in somewhat modified form. Sunday services are held in the Chapel for the students, and Dr. Chadbourne has generally preached to them once at least every Sunday.

The Alumni, as most of the Class are probably aware, now have a small voice in the choice of Trustees, one member each year being nominated by them, to serve five years, so that five of the present seventeen were suggested by the Society of Alumni. This is not as large a proportion as it ought to be, but it has had one good effect, by placing the government of the College more nearly where it belongs, in the hands of its graduates and warm friends. We now have only Williams men or Williams benefactors there, whereas in our time there were Yale, Dartmouth,

and other College graduates, in that board, and the son of at least one of these in his father's Alma Mater.

The funds of the College have been enlarged considerably, — and in part, as we are happy to note, by our Classmate Rice's donation, — yet there is great need of more, and we understand that plans are in contemplation, as intimated above, by which to accomplish this object. Mr. Edward E. Clark, a graduate of the College, and one of its Trustees, has made us many liberal gifts, among which may be named the Wilder collection of minerals, etc., which some of the Class once visited at Hoosick. He is also putting up the new building, already referred to, and has other plans for the good of the College. Mr. Orrin Sage has endowed a Professorship, and given other substantial proofs of his interest. Mr. David Dudley Field has endowed a Professorship, — the Memorial Professor of Astronomy, — in honor of Prof. Albert Hopkins, and of a member of his own family; he has also given the College a valuable astronomical instrument; Mr. A. B. Graves has been a liberal benefactor, and has endowed some prizes; and Hon. John Z. Goodrich, besides erecting Goodrich Hall and the new Gymnasium, has endowed a Professorship, and perhaps will still more favor the College. Mr. Benedict, who recently deceased, endowed a prize fund, and made other gifts to the College, — but these donations, large and munificent as they are, and helpful to the College as they certainly have been, are by no means such as Princeton, and Harvard, and many other Colleges have received in the last few years. Let us hope that the kindly favor which Providence has ever bestowed upon Williams, may still continue, and that new friends may be raised up for her.

Since our graduation a History of the College has been printed, and also a large and complete volume by the late Dr. Durfee, giving more or less extended accounts of all the graduates down to within a few years. The Obituary Record of the College, published annually, which contains brief biographic sketches of Alumni whose decease comes to the knowledge of the Executive Committee, will be sent to any graduate who writes for it, from year to year.

The old Williams Quarterly, which we began, has ceased to exist; it was continued till the Commencement of 1873, finishing twenty volumes. In the mean time a paper called the Vidette was started, rather more popular in its character, and containing current news of the College. In 1870 or '71, the Williams Re-

view, another paper of somewhat similar character but of higher tone, was issued; this led those who had been publishing the *Vidette* to enlarge and improve their paper, and for a few years a great deal of money was spent and a strong rivalry between the two existed. Wiser counsels prevailed at length, and the two papers were united, under the name of the *Williams Athenaeum*, which has since been the only periodical of the College. It has generally been well edited and printed; but some dissatisfaction has risen, I know not why, resulting in the issue of the "*Argo*."

Much more might be said of *WILLIAMS*, a College whose influence has been at least as widely and deeply felt, in all the world,—in proportion to her age,—as that of any of her sister institutions. She was never doing better work than she is to-day, and with an increasing number of students, with her opportunities for usefulness constantly growing, her name more and more widely known, her sons filling places of honor and influence throughout the land—in the *White-House*, in the halls of Congress, on the Bench of the Supreme Courts of the United States and of many Commonwealths, and wherever manly work is needed,—*Alma Mater* deserves and receives the heartiest support, the unfaltering devotion of all her children.

"*Semper honos nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.*"

W. T. R. M.



CLASS MEETING.

So far as numbers were concerned, the attendance at our Class Meeting was not a great success. There were present Anderson, Grout, Hayes, Kittredge, Marvin, Mix, Rockwell, Snowden, and Stoddard. Rockwell was elected as Chairman, and Marvin acted as Secretary. Letters were read from many absent members, and reports from nearly every living member were furnished. We were together several hours, and had a most delightful time with each other; confessions, experiences, thanksgiving, prayer and praise filled up the time, and we were reluctant to separate. One pleasant feature was our call upon Pres. Hopkins, which we made as a Class, and only needed Sam Whiting's presence to marshal us. The venerable Doctor and his wife received us cordially, named almost every one of us without the slightest difficulty or hesitation, and gave us a cordial welcome back.

Nothing need be said of the reports of members, for they are nearly all incorporated in the previous pages. It was voted to print a quarter century Report, and divide the expense among those who were present.

This Report is now circulated. Prepared amid the pressure of business cares, with an amount of labor unknown to any one who has not tried it, delayed by failure of many to respond, and far exceeding in its magnitude what any of us expected, the cost has been much above what we any of us anticipated. I hope you will think it worth the reading, for I have had much pleasure in preparing it; but if the Class had answered my circulars prompter, they would have received the Report earlier. Some did not get them till very recently; others that I am sure got them, have not replied at all. We hope this Report will show them their folly. The deficit in the cost of printing, above what has been received,

is upwards of \$70. If this is divided among the nine who were present, it would be not far from eight dollars each. If you think the Report is worth the money, I shall be happy to hear from any of you, whether present or not. Good bye, and "God bless you all."

W. T. R. M.

POSTSCRIPT.

SINCE the Class Meeting, Anderson has been round the world, preached at the antipodes, without changing his base however, and got safely home. "Charley" Bliss has come back to the hub, for a temporary residence, and is believed to be raking in more dimes than anybody ever dreamed of—not for himself, but for others, the education of our Western people, as intimated in his letter. The location of Albert Graves has been revealed by Mix, (see the latter's letter,) and Murdock has got safely back, and written a short letter, too late to be printed.

A typographic blunder in one or two places prevents my claiming to have raked an X in my work, to my mortification. I know what they are, but if you think I am going to tell of them, you are mistaken. Perhaps I had better confess one—that is, in Stoddard's name—where I left out his middle cognomen. You all know it; but if I did not own up to that, he has the advantage of me, and would doubtless print a full account of it in the leading editorial of the *New York Observer*, and show my carelessness before a million readers. But wild horses won't tear out any other confessions. Now, my pocket-book is waiting for your contributions.